

Pictures On My Wall

A Lifetime in Kansas



FLORENCE L. SNOW

From a Portrait
by Helen Hodge

Pictures On My Wall

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By
FLORENCE L. SNOW



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TO THE MEMORY OF MY SISTER
EMILY SNOW

PREFACE

Kansas has often been called the perfect flowering of the New England conscience. Sometimes this is meant to be a compliment and at others it is plainly an insult. Either way I doubt if it is a fact. What we did get from New England, particularly in the days of "bleeding Kansas," was the habit of talking, writing and philosophizing about conscience. This gave the impression that we had a very active and painful conscience, though it was frequently only an excuse for talking about ourselves, like an operation. Even after our convalescence from the Civil War we never stopped talking and writing, despite the fact that when we wanted to point out the scar we could no longer find it. In this way Kansas became the most articulate state in the Union. Whether New England should receive credit (or blame) for the habit is beside the point; the conscience and the language are pure Kansas.

However, this is only one explanation. Another is that only in Kansas and New England is the climate so warm, cold, windy, calm, unpredictable and preposterous that it is always a fresh topic of conversation. In other sections when gossip is used up a gloomy silence falls, but in Kansas and New England we practice on the weather. In Kansas, it is true, we sometimes fall back on politics, which is even stranger than the weather and requires a stronger vocabulary. On this subject a New England conscience would be a distinct liability, which is another proof that we are no longer tongue-tied to our mother's apron strings.

No, the extraordinary record that Kansans have compiled about themselves and the state is their own. From the earliest days, in prose and verse, what they saw, what they felt and what they did was expressed in writing. It was set down in letters and diaries without thought of publication and it overflowed into newspapers, books and magazines.

A great deal of this record has been preserved, much even of what was most personal. In the archives of the Historical Society

at Topeka there are hundreds of thousands of unpublished letters and diaries. Almost every newspaper, book and magazine ever printed in the state is there on file. This collection makes Kansas the most completely and minutely documented commonwealth in history. It is a collection of several million clinical slides whereby the microscope of history can be leveled at any county in the state and focused on any day in nearly a hundred years.

Florence Lydia Snow's book is an interesting addition to this record. It is a personal story and it is also good regional history. The descriptions of early-day Neosho Falls—the Neosho Valley District Fair, the visit of President Hayes, incidents with the Indians, building the church, the early growth of the town—all these are factual without sacrificing any of their life and movement. The chapter on Eugene Lee-Hamilton, a notable English poet who was entertained in Miss Snow's home, is especially delightful.

Florence Snow is a Kansan not by the accident of birth but by choice; she moved here from Indiana in the spring of 1862 at the age of one year. The state at that time was also one year old and the two have grown together for eighty-three years. She has lived at Baldwin, Neosho Falls and Lawrence. She has been a bank cashier, a good neighbor and an author. Her two volumes of verse *The Lamp of Gold* and *Sincerely Yours* are charming reflections of her personality.

These are the reminiscences of her long life, one that has been lived gracefully and observantly, and they are also among the brighter pages of the story of her distinguished contemporary, the State of Kansas.

KIRKE MECHEM.

January 27, 1945

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I

"Topsy" Time

To my Only Brother, Cyrus Cushion Snow,
Eatonville, Washington

*Ever West and Westward,
Good Luck in His Two Hands.*

I

DEAR BROTHER:

That is glorious news, that you will be able to walk again. Praise be for the blessed hospital treatment and Agnes' incomparable care! So wonderful a wife is not often given a man, and you have been especially fortunate in your second adventure in marriage. The family thought that perhaps a helpmate only half your age might not be the part of wisdom. You might so probably in the ordinary lease of life leave her with a number of children on her hands, or there might be many years when she would be sadly hampered with your possible invalidism.

But time and tide have diminished the difference between you in many gracious ways. Your four splendid children and one grandchild rise up to honor and delight you. That you named the first marvelous baby for me has always been a great satisfaction, because of all her gifts and aspirations, her union with so suitable a young man, and the perfections of little Paul the second. She is such a good letter-writer, withal, when, in this rushing time, she can get letters written. She may thus carry on my life-long love of this type of communication, though it does require a certain sense of leisure in one's days, as well as the desire for interchange of thought and feeling. Letters possess a definite spiritual quality, one soul flitting to another, in-so-far freed from the body though still belonging to this very material earth.

And how conscious I am that I have always written you too infrequently, though I have sent many letters to your one, and now this is an extra-special letter which you can take on the installment plan when you feel like harking back through the years to relieve the inevitable tedium of the hours until you are strong and well again. So many things come to me in the measureless desire to give you all that I may of every good regenerating thing. I am still the Baby Sister of a big hero-of-a-

brother, carrying the flowers you have made to bloom along my way in my hands, and cherishing things I have told you before in our brief visits, or through my pen or faithful machine. Some of the blossoms must be left out—they would make such an immense bouquet—as big in its way as that wreath of wagon-wheel size some friends made for the beloved old trapper who spent his last days in one of your little cottages and who died that summer Emily and I spent with you twenty years ago, after mother had been called home.

We had such endless need of help and healing, and how I recall all that you and Agnes did for us there among your multitudes of matchless roses—roses giving forth in the sunlight their beauty and perfume against the “Mountain that was God,” and exerting such enchantment in the mist and the rain. Changing the name of that unique “Tacoma” to the flat prosaic “Rainier” was an everlasting sacrilege. The Indians had the vision and the dream. Though we did not reach in actual fact any higher than Paradise Valley that heavenly day we climbed toward the eternal snows, there was a revelation of God at every turn, a benison of beauty that nothing can deflect. We prairie people constantly dream of the sea, but the mountains enthrall us too. Your tremendous Northwest did many things to me. I wish it could do many more.

Dear only Brother, getting acquainted with you so richly again made me realize how very true it is that one gets from the mountain what he takes to it. Yet a better expression would be “Much more than he takes to it.” The mountain brought us the crown and glory of the grandeur we had seen on the way to the coast. And when you announced that the next month we should have a personally-conducted trip to Alaska, I simply soared into the realms of farthest anticipation, Emily declaring that “just everything is coming true.” It was from Alaska that you had once sent us a handful of tiny pure gold nuggets together with a number of native garnets, “more precious than rubies.”

It was Alaska of which our distinguished Uncle Harlan had said, "See Norway and Sweden, if you can; if you cannot, see Alaska and covet no wonders of foreign lands." How happily we set forth in mid-July, avoiding at that especial time the possibility of forest fires clouding the atmosphere. And how fortunate it was that on reaching Seattle, our sister, Dr. Ann Snow Turner, a successful osteopathic physician in that city of seven hills, could join us as we boarded the boat for the scenic splendors of the Inland Passage. Her letters to me had been invaluable, but how much better was the intimate talk of the brave lonely years after her husband's passing and the choice of her profession, with her two daughters to guide and launch into the changing world. She too was a product of the great Northwest, and the two of you gave me treasure beyond price in family traits and personal attainment, while your pride and joy in Emily's accomplishment completed our great happiness.

Alaska! What superlative impressions the staunch boat gave us in its steady rhythmic progress through the green and gold and snow-capped mountain vistas, under matchless blue skies by day and mystical heavens by night. Alaska, with its countless waterfalls leaping hundreds of feet down sheer declivities, and its sharp turns in this beneficent passage about green islands where no possible way seemed to be; its inlets for salmon canneries where heavy barges of the gorgeous provision were taken in; its Indian villages with their souvenirs and totem poles; and the capital, Juneau, builded on a rock, terrace above terrace chiseled out for glittering shops and beautiful homes; Douglas Island and the Glory Hole, illustrative of the gold-mania in all the far west; and finally Sitka at high noon facing its wide blue bay, its early Trading Post and the old Russian church bringing the mellow atmosphere of the days that are no more. Alaska, land of superb enchantment and adventure. And we, a big boat-load of men and women interested in our various ways in all sorts of things, never shall forget its incomparable beauty or its mag-

nificent power. I shall carry with me into the great beyond my share of those ten marvellous days, and best of all, the memory of how fully you gave to them their supreme delight. You were so strong, so thoroughly alive, so happily a man among men. I vision you now in your wheel chair, your eye undimmed, your spirit undaunted, and I know you are filled, as I am, with gratitude and praise beyond any expression for the countless good things that have surrounded and interfused our days.

How vivid in your similar experience is the memory of Mother recovering from a fractured hip at seventy-five, though she did not walk alone again. How vivid, too, is the tale of years in her wheel chair as she carried on, in her delicate frame, the luminous spirit that had never left Father alone. Despite his great strength he would have been completely lost without her; and when he was gone did she not have Emily and me in the home, and all the other compensations? And so we kept her until she was almost ninety-one, following the example of her mother, who broke a leg, "just walking out a little in the yard," at the same seventy-fifth milestone. She rounded out a longer period at five months over a hundred. Our father's family was not so long-lived as Mother's, but how we have profited from both pioneer strains, from ancestors in Virginia and Maryland, Illinois and Indiana. Your vitality at eighty-five can certainly be depended upon, and could I come at all, how eagerly I should fly to you, at my seventy-six, to see with my own two eyes the wonder of it. Very naturally the airplane has always appealed to me more than the automobile, but "I have never been to Carcassonne" even for a fifty-cent flight over Lawrence-on-the-Kaw. My heart is set on a real trip, maybe—O the glamorous "maybes" of this up-reaching, out-reaching existence!

My first conscious recollection of you is your tense tip-toe figure, back in Baldwin, Kansas, seat of Baker University, as you paid out the string of a huge kite from the roof of our front porch. You fully expected your splendid handicraft to lift you at least

some distance into the blue serene. Your faith resulted in a nasty fall. My lusty scream, as I tried to gather you up, brought the only person in the house, imperious sister Ella, eldest of our family, who administered stern reproof in the belief that you would be carried in dead some day, the way you tempted fate. But you had already become my unbreakable, impeccable hero, no matter what accidents might befall. Memories quite as pertinent came through the general atmosphere and took definite form, through many family references, in those early years when we breathed in the danger and the fascination of the huge something in the queer little word "war." It gave each day its story-book phrases, and you remember that when we grew up we were always glad that, if Father had to be an Indian Agent at Neosho Falls—though we could not then share the delight that this must be—it was nice to live at Baldwin, which was so much nearer to the Border Troubles. Nothing like adventure, and coming through all right.

Was it not Quantrill's raid that gave your heroic character a shining accolade? For many days the menace had given Mother great anxiety and she went quietly about her usual tasks, sending you and the other older children to school, with dauntless eyes as long as she could see you. I clung to her skirts, reaching up for the kisses that consoled me for being so much under age, and wondering why everything was somehow different. Old Aunt Vicey, who had her little cabin down the creek, who "Mammied" me, washed and ironed, and tended the garden, now stayed all the time. Her stories of small pickaninnies in her old plantation home gave a measure of relief from the tension we felt. She told Mother, "Nuffin' fitten dis angel-chile but good an' plenty happifyin'." Along with the charming black folk doing all sorts of delectable things, there were fairy-land narratives of splendid weddings and other parties "at de Big House," all together preparing me for "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and its Deep South impact later on. The bed-time stories were especially alluring in her

chosen themes and often were tenderly enriched with matchless old spirituals strong in their great joy despite the tragedy of slavery. Each night our clothes were all laid out in order so that when the moment came, as I understood afterwards, we could dress very quickly and flee from the threatening danger. I do not know that anyone knew just where.

How often in later and safer times we all have laughed over the joke on you that ran in this wise: At twelve or thirteen, when you were the only masculine force about us, you were very fond of talking about your bravery, especially since Father on his last visit had brought you a small rifle, and you had very soon, in your own sight, grown expert in using it. One day on hearing some pertinent report in regard to the guerrillas, Mother asked you to run up to Captain Green's, one of our farther-away neighbors, to see if it were really true. You hesitated for just a moment and then called out, "Come on, Ann," to the second-oldest sister, who was in the other room. She was always ready for anything, the two of you were usually of one mind, and so you both ran along, the companion that gave you courage in the lead!

It was not long after that when, all the younger men in the small town being in the service, it was decided that the boys of suitable age should take turn with the old men in standing guard. "Come on, Ann" being all forgotten, you went about, tall and strong for your age, very straight, clean-cut, and eager for your part in the plan. The night came in due season, and Mother and we four girls, with Aunt Vacey handing you a bag of cookies to beguile the long hours, grouped ourselves at the picket-gate to see you off. Mother had no sleep all night. You were such a mere lad, so proudly doing your part in the conflict that meant so much in hearts' blood and bitter tears. Mothers everywhere were praying as she prayed. Yet, rising with the dawn, she opened the front door, and there, stretched at full length across the threshold, lay her only son, his rifle by his side, . . . not dead as the first instant she had feared, but only worn out and sound

asleep. The sentry-go had ended before the specified sunrise, and you "didn't want to waken her."

When my college days came I wrote a ballad based on that incident, which a decade later appeared in the anthology of leading Kansas verse called "Sunflowers." I sought to heighten the effect by closing with the tragic climax that might so easily have been a part of the real story, had a bushwhacker happened by. It may interest you to know that even in these later years people have referred to that "true story" as the one thing of mine that will live the longest. If you still have the "Sunflowers" volume that I sent you, "you alls" will enjoy reading it in this connection. Your precious brood is like any other, nothing if not romantic! And I myself like very much the way I pictured my notion of you.

No doubt my feeling that you were such an outstanding person was largely the reflection of your devotion to me, forever tagging your footsteps and so eager to imitate you in every possible way. Our brother, Howard, who was five years older than I, had suddenly passed on soon after we came to Baldwin. He would naturally have been your playmate, and perhaps even more my own, but as it was, we filled the gap from both sides. Ella and Anna were feeling grown-up; Emily lived in a world of her own which the rest of us entered in many tender inventive ways that fostered the same high spirit we reveled in. Then she was sent to the State School for the Deaf at Olathe, fortunately within a reasonable driving distance of home. The older sisters went to Christian College over in Missouri, insisting that this young ladies' finishing school was much more desirable than our very "unfinished" Baker University.

The war was well over when I put my hand in yours each day and went to school. Down the big yard under the maple trees outside the white fence we went, turning across the stone bridge into the main street. We loved to stop and look at the stream coming down through the grove that made the east part of town

always pretty. It ran into a pond which turned the mill that sawed up lumber and also made corn meal and flour. There were cattails at the edge, and ducks that quacked back when we said "Good morning." No place was very far in the young little town. The second turn took us to "The College," which was built of solid stone. It looked very high and grand with its three stories two streets away from Martin's Grove that made a natural campus. The first Commencement was held under the trees that Teacher called "God's first temples," quoting Bryant. It was fine for picnics and meetings and many other things, such as students taking walks or really studying botany.

The College had many windows, and its broad steps led to a long hall with two stairways in front of a big room which was our school. On Sundays the platform and seats were arranged for Sunday-school and church, though week-times there might be town meetings, big suppers, lectures or "lyceums," where everybody acted as though it was the finest place in the world. The college students and the professors occupied the second storey, and Teacher was always telling us children that we "couldn't help but feel the atmosphere," and it was such a nice sounding word that we couldn't, and we did. The third storey belonged to the Masons, who also "went to school" there, Father said. Don't you love to remember how grand he looked in the splendid things he wore when the lodge helped to lay the cornerstone of the first building on the regular campus? Everybody was so happy because President Lincoln had given a hundred dollars to the great good cause. There was nothing but grass on the ground, but the laid-off square was only a short walk to the Grove and the "castle," the first building which became a Baker tradition. I recall the fact that it looked just like the castles in some of my story-book pictures. What a stronghold it was in the story of our Kansas land!

Always a great tease, you called me "Topsy," usually adding "Long-legs" or "Pig-tails," and I would toss my arrogant head

and say "Yuh jes' growed yuh own se'f." You would tell Mother she had better shingle my hair so that I couldn't get hanged, like Absalom, in my tree-climbing exploits. Also, you said, putting me in trousers would add to the great fun we had tramping clay to "help" the men at the brick-yard!

Your opinion was doubtless very good. Did we not have the same spirit through all the delectable hours out of school? Of all our various vantage grounds, the mill was probably our favorite. Its presiding genius, Peter Merkle, had a whole school of *kinder* of his own. "Poys and girls," he said, "learned as much at play as in their pooks." He gave us the freedom of his domain that, under his keen blue eye, held no danger. The boys were more interested in the pond, wondering how it had been formed and how the water made the wheels go round, zipping the logs into planks. The girls loved the flouring part, with its bins and banks and the silk-bolting necessary to the final process. We always "spoke for" the discarded old stuff, doll dresses in mind, and by general consent I always got the largest and best pieces because of Rosa Belle, the beautiful French doll that was one of Father's many gifts.

But Rosa Belle perished the very summer of the very best bolting-cloth costume, because of my own tragic fault. But how should I remember, with such a crowded mind, that the shaded bench in the yard where I left her in the morning would attract the very hottest sun in the afternoon. When I thought of her at bed-time prayers, it was too late. The lovely waxen head was all melted through her natural curly hair. Mother could do nothing but hug me close and say that somewhere there was another head to fit the fine kid body. And when Emily came home from her Olathe school she actually made one that healed my broken heart. It was so wonderful to see her model the head, with holes to sew it on, out of the fine silky blue clay we loved to play with down by the pasture spring. Ella was highly pleased and showed her how to paint the features out of the precious

tubes in her Japan paint box. We all thought Emily might do things some day when she grew up. Then tragedy struck again. I followed your bright idea that, because the bricks at the kiln below the mill had to be burnt to make them last, a doll's clay head should likewise be heated. I put my treasure in the sun where Rosa Belle had perished, and we both forgot all about her. That night it rained very hard and in the morning you told me she was now a nice mud pie, with her beautiful body beyond possible repair. I was glad Mother punished you in the way she reserved for very worst things. "A big boy like you to be so forgetful!" Yet urging my forgetfulness too served to stay my tears, and after a while we went over to the brick-yard, next to the mill our most fascinating spot, till the Merkle *kinder* joined us. Then you and the boys went off after pokeberries to make ink, and we girls made some almost-perfect flower pots which the head man let us tuck into a place among the "raw" brick he was piling up, to burn a bright red and come out our very own.

There had always been much reading aloud in the family evenings around the big kerosene lamp set on the wide round walnut table in its fluffy moss-green zephyr mat. A strip of red flannel was sewed to the lamp-wick inside the glass bowl to take up the sediment in the oil. *Uncle Tom's Cabin* bore the marks of the greatest avidity, and I knew your "Topsy"-fun with me expressed your own delight in the way I took the inimitable character to my heart. We had our own seasons too, when I read aloud to you, your fine sarcasms about my being born knowing how to read rejoicing my soul. That determined me then and there to be a reader like a woman who had read perfectly wonderful things one day at school. Along with *Robinson Crusoe* there were *Bible Stories* and a very old and yellow book—very valuable, Father said—called *The Hand of God in History*, with a steel engraving in the front of it showing a storm at sea and a giant hand and arm reaching over it, supposed to be God's. These, with a few hidden ten-cent novels which probably brought the

wanderlust in you to its climax a little later on, together with the "truly-books," as I called them, formed the bookcase treasures.

Father's trips to Washington, D. C., however, were the great events in our existence. We never knew why he did not take us along and have us photographed with the groups of big braves in their beaded and eagle-feather war bonnets, that for some reason appeared with him before the "department." But that sort of thing simply was not done, so we hung on his words all the more when he came home for a day or two. You never "showed off" over the two Indian pictures that hung on our parlor wall when we had company, as I always did in very great joy, maybe the better to acclaim the lovely chromo, "Moses in the Bulrushes." Mother loved color. She said maybe it was because of her Bible verse, "She is not afraid of the snow. Her family is clothed in scarlet." Father always brought us many colorful gifts, and to this day I thrill again over the fine woolen Scotch plaid goods that made me the prettiest dress I have ever had in all my long life. It had a hair ribbon to match red shoes trimmed with black patent leather, and that gift started me cultivating my lifelong pride in accessories.

The things he had always brought us from the "agency" were a gala part of our common life. Many of them were made by the deft Indian hands especially for the "papooses" of their "Big Father," and these gifts naturally increased our love and pride in his splendid physique and personality as we used and appraised the various articles. But nothing else from the romantic habitat on the Neosho River gave us the unmeasured satisfaction we found in a very nearly perfect bright bay Indian pony with a white star on his forehead, and a white right foot which he raised for a handshake when we said "Ho-ugh! Ho-ugh!" in the native guttural. His name naturally became "How-how," and we taught him many other tricks. Though true to his fiery origin with you, he was gentleness itself with me, but it was not long until I showed him that he did not have to be so extremely considerate when I

came to riding alone, bareback, and to standing up something in your own fashion on the gay blanket that came with him. Father meant for us always to be good sports, so we never suggested that we should have two ponies. Instead we took the partnership and the regular "turns" like gentlemen.

Of course we had some work to do. There were a good many chores about the place even for so small a family. There were wood to cut and carry in, water-pails and pitchers to fill, chickens and the pig to tend and the cow to milk. There were weeds to pull and garden stuff to grow and gather, while How-How had to be cared for in the most meticulous way. Mother belonged to the Sewing Circle that shouldered the building of the historic Baldwin Church, and she always did her part in neighborhood work. She and Aunt Vacey needed our help. In some ways I was a genuine assistant. Very often I went on errands with you, but it seemed to me that I was more often sent alone, though I was then likely to loiter over the household need in my enjoyment of being outdoors. When Ella and Anna came home on vacations there were many more things to do with college boys and girls around and different kinds of parties which pretty soon took you in. They made me eager to "step out" too, yet some of them did not at all appeal to me.

Strange how well you did in school when you really hated it so. It must have been because you couldn't bear to be second-rate in anything. But the summer you were eighteen and I was nine, you seemed all at once grown-up and different, not nearly so my-very-own, and you were always thinking something you would not tell me about. Then one day Father was home and the house was full of something ominous like war-time, something heavy and dark. You went into the parlor with Father and Mother, like company, and I leaned against the closed door, not daring to turn the knob. I could hear Father's big voice coming through, though he held it down, rather soft and queer. "It's no use, Lydia, to force the boy to go to the university when he's

so determined on the West and this scheme of Scott Moore's. Scott's perfectly straight, and he's surely done well. I can manage the money. We'll let him go." I went away a long time by myself, and came dragging in to supper to find hot biscuits and peach preserves that you loved better than anything. There was lively talk about your going to be a cattle-king on a big ranch some day. You said I could come out when I was older and ride all the bronchos, and now I could have How-How for my very own. Then my heart was completely broken.

Yet it was not so long until things began to happen to fill the bottomless pit of your absence. Our two Christian College sisters came home to stay. But pretty soon Anna married a physician and surgeon she had met on a visit to Leavenworth—very romantic—and we had a lovely wedding. He took her to very far-away Fort Benton, Montana. She would write wonderful letters, everybody said, she was so bright and clever. Ella was handsomer, with her long dark curls and queenly way, and her several beaux were always very nice to me. Then we made ready to move to Neosho Falls. The Indians had all been taken to different reservations and Father had to get something else to do. He had a big farm along the river joining the townsite, and as the house was too small he had to enlarge it. Out of my prodigious reading I envisioned a kind of palace. We had a splendid carriage and fine team to make the trip, while all our boxes and trunks went by freight to Colony, and then fourteen miles farther in wagons. It was a good many years before the branch Santa Fe was built to Neosho Falls, which, about the time we got there, was getting the Missouri, Kansas and Texas Railroad.

I thought it was great fun living all cramped up while the building was going on, though I suppose it really wasn't. I started to school in a big room over a store on Main Street, quite a long walk away. My teacher was a very prim maiden lady, but I enjoyed getting acquainted and I liked my new books very much.

Then, too, Neosho Falls seemed more of a town than Baldwin. At noon-times we could take our dinner-pails down by the river and have picnics. In winter times we learned how to skate above the dam. The new house was finished almost before we knew it, so nice and large and square, painted white with tall green shutters. There was a portico for the Prairie Queen roses and purple wistaria, brought from Baldwin, over the door of Father's and Mother's downstairs side bedroom; and the long, wide veranda across the front was soon covered with coral honeysuckle. The tall pillars looked like marble in the moonlight. The porch was flat on top, with a "gingerbread" railing. It was such a perfect place for many things, especially sleeping on a pallet on hot nights, though there was always plenty of air in the wide hall and the roomy bedrooms. At the back there were two steps down into the half-storey room over the old part of the house, now the dining-room and kitchen. There was a long porch across the kitchen, and built close to it was a stone ice-house with a trough at one end to catch the meltings, quite like the cold water in the old spring house back in Indiana.

At the south end of the porch there was a big cistern for rain water, with an iron pump, but the well water was about fifty feet east of the middle part of the house, at the end of a board walk. It was a very deep artesian well, much more modern than a dug well with its old oaken bucket. The back yard had a row of Morello cherry trees across the south side dividing it from the garden, and there were shade trees here and there—elm, maple, redbud, and box elder—brought from the river woods, in the front yard. A white picket fence was across the front, marking the town line. A beautiful grape arbor divided the space west of the house with a flagstone walk leading to the privy, painted white and very neat inside. A four-board fence divided off the big barnyard, with another one like it west of the yard where the cornfields began. But that one, unlike the other, did not have the posts sawed off, all just right, nor boards nailed on flatwise,

so much better-looking. The great red barn was a whole new country with its bins and mows, its stanchions and stalls. The chicken house and the smoke house were very interesting too, near enough to the land that led back of the well to the east orchard edging the river, and not too far from the house.

If it had not been so like a book inside the new house, I would have stayed out a good deal more. The sitting-room had the whole south end bay-windowed, and besides the old bookcase there was a splendid cupboard that had fancy glass doors made out of a window in the old house where the new part joined on. But of course the parlor was the best room beside the wide hall that had a specially made door with glass at the sides. Father and Mother went to Kansas City to buy the extra furniture, lace curtains and green rep lambrequins finished with rose and gold gimp and tassels. They matched the heavy cords that held the lace over quick-silver knobs with roses in the middle. And I never have seen a more beautiful carpet. It was body Brussels, so much more luxurious than the old Ingrain, with wonderful wreaths of roses on a gray and green background. The walnut furniture for the Baldwin parlor was bought in Lawrence from an old German who made it by hand. Arranged with the melodeon and the new marble-topped table bearing the Family Bible and the Photograph Album, it looked elegant to us. The pictures Ella had painted at Christian College hung on the walls, and she said the olive oatmeal paper was a perfect background. There was a gorgeous hanging lamp over the center-table with crystal pendants all around the shade. You remember what big fat letters I wrote you all about everything, often with pressed leaves and flowers in them, and I 'jes' grewed" very fast in my compositions marked "A," and verses I made up just for you. Mother always let me write in the parlor when I wanted to. She usually sent me in there, too, when I had a tantrum. I soon "calmed myself," stretched out on the beautiful carpet, or curled up in one of the walnut chairs.

The town grew very fast. The Missouri, Kansas and Texas Railroad with its land-office and roundhouse pushed everything ahead. We had a new schoolhouse and much better teachers. It was not very long until we had a Presbyterian church in addition to the Methodist Episcopal, and later on the Congregationalist people built an attractive red-brick "edifice" down on Main Street. Business improved and there were many new people and many new things to think about, besides lessons to get. One just has to see what is going on, you know. Planting and harvesting, with all the different men and horses and machines at work, and raising cattle and hogs, were always full of something I wanted to understand and to find the right words for. Even something terrible like hog-killing, with old Uncle Eph bossing other Negroes and some white men, held my interest when late November came, crisp and quickly moving. The wood fires under the great cauldrons mingled smoke and steam. The heavy white carcasses hanging on the stout poles to cool seemed much more ghastly than one or two in the butcher-shop. Besides, it was we who had taken their lives. Yet here was human life and strength in the making. The "unclean" idea among the Hebrews never ceased to be a mystery to me. If hogs were properly fed and the meat rightly prepared, why was not pork just as good food as fine wheat bread?

Father had found that home-cured hams and shoulders and bacon brought twice as much as "live weight," after paying for the work. He mixed the necessary salt, sugar, Orleans molasses, and a bit of saltpeter, very carefully, himself, and when the meat was exactly cut and trimmed certain good "hands" rubbed the seasoning in. Afterward the pieces were stacked up in order in the spacious smoke house. There they awaited the exquisite smoke of hickory chips burning day by day until each piece, now hanging from the rafters, should reach its tested perfection. Quantities of sausage and lard were made, the first packed in early spring. Then the fires would be started again under two or

three of the black kettles, and enough of the sorghum-looking jelly was made with the lye run off from the wood-ashes in the various stone jars, the hot strained grease in fifty-pound tin cans, and the cracklings were put in kegs for the soap-making in the capacious hopper, always to have plenty of soap and to spare.

Enough of the choicest cracklings were saved for special corn-bread. Uncle Eph's wife, Aunt Majolica, indispensable in her red bandanna, also had a generous supply, along with souse, head cheese and pickled pig's feet prepared for our own use. Everything was very still when it was all over and, as likely as not, we had a big snowstorm. Then there were fires to keep in all our stoves, most of them with the new isinglass fancy doors, very stylish and cheerful. Filling and cleaning all the lamps came to be my job, since I approved so much of everybody reading. And I earned some Christmas money by keeping them just right.

Doubtless all this part has come back to me because it was one Christmas when you suddenly came home, saying in your jesting way that you were hungry for Mother's sausage and buckwheat cakes, and that you would take a twenty-pound turkey and all the fixin's instead of the fatted calf. When New Year's came you had decided to stay for some attractive plan of Father's, and though you were a grown-up man, tall as Father, six feet-one, you were just the same to me as always. You just couldn't tell me enough of the cowboy country, its stories and songs; and I made up my mind that, if you went out west again, I'd put on boy's clothes and go with you. I never could bear to write you that How-How had died of a distemper soon after we moved. Now I had a bay filly which I could soon ride, and you began at once to put her in training. 'Member? Her name was Debonair, such a charming name! Though you were very popular with the young people the two years that you stayed, you gave me all sorts of good times we had never had at "Saints' Rest" (the nick-name for Baldwin, because so many retired preachers lived there and almost everybody was such a strict Methodist). Both summers

there were barn-dances as well as common parties, and a splendid circus that we took in, with all of the side-shows. Father and Mother both thought being too terribly religious was almost as bad as being too liberal. I was fifteen and needed all sorts of good education when I was ready to go to Baker University.

It was a long time before I really realized how large a part you had in imparting the fundamentals for my college training. You went away again, this time for mines and mining, in which you found your own and finally came to your present place in the lumber town you have so largely made. You were always so dark and handsome, so wiry and attractive, so sure your baby-sister would "do us all proud." Life went on again when you were gone, as life always does. School and books, and books and school, plenty of fun through my own devices, in walks through the river woods, companioned by my yellow mastiff, Cudjo, and in long rides over the prairies on the matchless Debonair, occupied me. Housework, always, was a matter of course. No daughter of our Mother could fail to be a good cook and a noteworthy amateur dressmaker. Ella was happily married to W. W. Sain, owner and editor of the Neosho Falls Post, and they were in and out. Emily came home from her fruitful years at Olathe to join me in all the home interests and general good times. Then began my close relation to her lifelong study of the art of lip-reading, in which she had already accomplished so much. I also discovered, in the absence of Father's only son, a much larger, more effective place for myself, and I kept you in touch with everything, per-usual, as we say now.

My admission to Baker arrived in due course. With my ample new wardrobe in my new trunk, it was very thrilling to go back to the town of my childhood after parting from my family. But I very soon took a lone walk about the old-home location in the nostalgia that accompanies the taking of untried roads. Seeking out the spot I loved best down by the spring, where no one was likely to discover me, I proceeded to have a

good hard cry. How far away that time seems to the present You and Me! How many smiles there always are glinting through the miles. What laughter often clears the deepest gloom. How very good we have found almost everything through the varied years. Dearest love to each one of you. "All's well. All's well!"

LITTLE BROWN COT

LAWRENCE, KANSAS

APRIL 30, 1937

II

The Year the President Came

To My Two Nieces,
Lydia Sain and Jane Sain Helmick,
Chanute, Kansas

II

DEAR LYDIA AND JANE:

That was indeed a glorious time when President Rutherford B. Hayes came to Neosho Falls, Kansas, and its wonderful Neosho Valley District Fair. There was all the pomp and circumstance we could possibly put on, with the assistance of Governor John P. St. John of Prohibition fame, with state escort and a company of boy-Zouaves adding their color to that of the Topeka band. Also, General Sherman and two or three other national notables were present, as well as Mrs. St. John and Mrs. Lucy Webb Hayes, who was so integral a part of the Women's Christian Temperance Union.

As you must know, I am exceedingly glad to give you the details of this unique occasion, since I recall their importance to me. I am sure you have heard from your early childhood other people's opinions about the event, though not so much in later years. My writing the story as if you knew nothing at all about it will be the best method, I think.

Like many other pioneer settlements, Neosho Falls was in some ways very fortunate. The location was chosen because of the fall in the river, only a few inches in about a mile. For Isaac W. Dow, a man from Maine, that decided the site of the first lumber and grist mill within a considerable radius. The "Falls" were made by the dam that produced the necessary power, and, along with "Neosho," one of the Seminole words for "beautiful," gave the name Neosho Falls that has been often confused with Neosho, Missouri, and Cottonwood Falls, Kansas. The first houses clustered naturally near this enterprising business, but on the opposite side of the river, where the woods were more open, the endless prairie to south and west promised worlds of wheat and corn to keep the big waterwheel running. Below the dam, a convenient ford completed the picture proffered any and all

home-seekers by Colonel Stickney N. Goss, who in 1857 laid out the forthcoming town and who, with his associates, preserved a forty-acre tract of heavy timber, splendid walnuts and wonderful elms, on the mill-side of the stream for a community-gathering place. Year by year the site was so administered that it became widely known, like Bismarck Grove at Lawrence, and Forest Park at Ottawa, now mostly remembered for its famous "Chautauquas." Our Riverside Park was generally considered quite the best community asset of the sort, and was naturally a great joy and pride.

Your grandfather, Major George Catlin Snow, arrived in 1861. All the Indian Agents were brevetted Major during the Civil War. It was far from an empty honor, the service requiring such varied activities during the border troubles. His quota of Indians, Seminoles, Sac and Fox, and Osage, were located three miles below the settlement, with its busy trading-post and log-cabin homes. There was itinerant preaching in the forward-looking schoolhouse. A comfortable place for the family to live was erected by the following year—comfortable by pioneer standards. Your grandmother was full of faith and courage and was greatly admired by the curious squaws who came to the house on endless made-up errands. They proffered rather disconcerting jests in regard to her "Papoose," who happened to be myself, while the five older children took things in their stride. But it was soon decided that Baldwin City, much further along in its cultural progress, with its church and schools, including Baker University, was a very much better place to live, and so the family was located in that favored spot, Father trekking back and forth as he might for his visits home.

Almost at once he became the lifelong friend of Colonel Stickney N. Goss, who had no family ties and who mitigated his loneliness by his devotion to the town and to his remarkable study of Kansas birds. He became an expert taxidermist and made a notable collection that we still enjoy in our State His-

torical Building in Topeka. Do you not still possess the book he published on his achievement, autographed for your father? The fine colored plates in the heavy tome have always been a special delight to me; for, after we went back to the expanded village in 1871, I spent many happy hours hanging over his table watching his delicate touch bringing the semblance of life to the winged creatures whose lives he had taken. He was exceedingly fond of children, and his refinement, his culture, and his years of brave activity made him an embodiment of chivalry to me. He came and went in our home, an inspiration to us all, as he was to many other families. His town has failed to be the thing he dreamed, but how very fortunate it was to have such a spirit in it.

The business of the Indian Agency was of course an aid to the early growth of the place, and Father naturally realized his opportunities among the leaders who served the community. He had acquired a productive farm, the "good bottom land" that brought forth such bumper corn crops. When the Indian Reservation law was passed and the old agencies were no more, he turned his thought to the logical home-place skirting the river and joining the town he so far had helped to build. As he was a progressive farmer and breeder of sterling stock, the Woodson County Fair became one of his strong public interests.

Our Woodson County Fair, like all other county fairs, appealed to every ambitious man and woman within its bailiwick in a vast variety of ways, and it was an annual meeting-place for the whole population. Big corn and pumpkins, live-stock and horse-racing, tests and games, vied with the small grains, fruits and flowers, bread, cake, preserves, and all sorts of fancy-work for awards. Art exhibits, including "hand-paint" on velvet and rolling-pins as well as on canvas, made a marvelous show for us children. Red and blue ribbons indicated the cash-money premiums. Then there were the social gatherings, opportunities for youthful love-making, and the excitement of baby contests.

It was a very great thing to make each annual fair a bigger and better one than the last.

By 1879 the Woodson County Fair had grown into the Neosho Valley District Fair, the organization of four adjoining counties—Woodson, Anderson, Wilson and Greenwood—bringing its four fair enterprises together into one. The Woodson County president and secretary were logical leaders for the project, and Father, who was the treasurer, was made chairman of the larger committee including the other counties. In a very short time the movement proved a great success, everybody lauding the management, especially for meeting all bills with something left over. But then anybody who worked with G. C. Snow discovered that good business had to have the vision and the dream. Paying your bills simply followed.

In the spring of 1879 when it was known that President Rutherford B. Hayes had decided to take a tour in the fall through the West, a very unusual thing for our chief magistrate in those days, some bold spirit suggested that he might easily stop over in our once-bleeding and now prosperous Kansas, center of the United States, and get a thousand facts he evidently wanted, at our District Fair. Telling the family, Father said that the meeting was simply bowled over by the suggestion, the possibility was so completely unthinkable. Before the session closed, however, the idea had challenged his energies, and there was another sensation when he declared in his deep voice, "Gentlemen, I believe it can be done! At least the invitation can be given." Though it was such a tremendous thing to undertake, the plan began to work out.

First, the exhibit and the people must be typical enough to warrant the attention of the Chief Executive. It must attract many thousands of people for the whole week, centering in the unique day when they could see the President and his party, hear the speeches and the notable bands and get all the big-fair background between times. The venture would end disgracefully if it

should not pay expenses. All this was more than enough to put the board upon its mettle. But Father had the faith and courage to carry out the idea. Father wrote to James Harlan, who, as a Republican senator from Iowa, had been a notable friend of Lincoln. Upon his coming to the presidency, Lincoln had chosen Harlan as his Secretary of the Interior. The two families naturally had much in common and were more closely united after a time by the marriage of Mary, daughter of the Harlans, and Robert T. Lincoln. Now, many years after, James Harlan was senior judge of the Court of Alabama Claims, and through him and Robert Lincoln, and the Republican influence linking Kansas and Washington, the invitation in due form was extended, and the President and Mrs. Hayes returned their acceptance.

At the time, the town of one thousand men, women, and children, was conscious of various advantages that had slipped away after a period of substantial growth. The county seat had gone, after much contention, first to Kalida, out on the high prairie, and a little later to Yates Center, located equidistant from all points of the Woodson boundary. The Missouri, Kansas and Texas Railway land-office, which brought us many advantages, had been removed, though the vaunted round-house still remained. We still pointed with pride to our churches and schoolhouse and the three or four wide residence streets with their maples and elms on either side. Parallel with the main thoroughfare which, curving from the "Katy"-patterned station, passed some scattered houses, they reached the more or less ambitious business blocks, built of wood or brick or stone, and finally connected with the narrow iron bridge a mile from the station and thus crossed the river to the main entrance of the Park. Here the approach divided, leading to the north by prosperous farms and orchards, and to the south past the picturesque old pioneer mill in which "modern machinery" had been installed, but without removing the old water-wheel, probably because of the expense of taking it down.

The sienna tones of the long low stone building, which had been used for various ambitious but short-lived industries, at the opposite end of the dam accented the mimic jungle island beloved by our adventurous children. It lay just below the near-by ford that gave us the best "close-up" of the "falls" in our horse-and-buggy drives. This stretch of the river which had made the town was our favorite objective in showing strangers about, and some of us were especially glad that the presidential party would have this immediate introduction to the Fair. A pertinent black-on-white sign warned everyone of a heavy fine for those who crossed the bridge at any pace beyond a walk, and this would insure the fine view up and down the stream.

All summer long, people bent to their task of meeting the great day, set for September 25. The county seats of the three other sections of the Association, Iola in Allen, Fredonia in Greenwood, and Garnett in Anderson, should see us a host worthy of their best facilities. Our own Yates Center, all our past rivalry forgotten, would now be perfectly at one with us. People who were acquainted with New England often declared that the place was very "down-east," arresting with its tidy homes, its trees and lawns and gardens. And it was one of our New England women with a great bent for geology, amply attested by the many fascinating specimens upon her black walnut what-not, who had told us that our gravelled streets were akin to those of the New Jerusalem, for the glacial deposits we used on them were jasper and chalcedony.

Reports from committees over the district carried us over every obstacle, and everybody caught the spirit. Old Arkle Jason, who cared for the "semenary," his word for cemetery, which some former residents might be visiting, dressed it up "spaciously satisfactorily." Even the slackest resident of our "north end," not quite such an eye-sore as some small town purlieus, was inspired to tidy up his place because the procession would pass that way. Also, it was simply wonderful how every-



The Falls and Old Mill, Neosho Falls, Kansas

thing grew, from the ordinary crops to the special prize plantings and the choice varieties of flowers. Scorching heat and devastating winds for that one season withheld all injury. The women-folk naturally kept pace with their men in creating the finest specimens of their skill, and in planning a luncheon for the expected crowds, they were more than ready to help in every way. The manager of the big restaurant concession could accommodate only two hundred, including Fair officials, and the logical committee of leading past-mistresses of Kansas cookery and community suppers, could not fail in this crisis.

However, at their first meeting, Mother told them an Indian anecdote of Father's about one of the Big Chiefs in a group he had taken to Washington to promote Indian affairs. This keen First American had been greatly impressed with a dinner given in their honor, and during his first meal at home he said to his squaw, on finishing his hog and hominy, "Take him away!" Then he called "Bring him back!" repeating the two orders until he could eat no more of the "courses" thus secured. And the decision was immediately taken to make no great effort beyond that made in entertaining our ordinary friends. Things must be done in our very best way, with provision for such food as the concession could not supply, like smothered chicken and angel food cake and chocolate sauce over ice cream. Potato salad, which had recently "come in," and cole slaw, both with the whipped-cream dressing we had hardly yet learned to call mayonnaise, every kind of pickles, both sweet and sour, including the hard-boiled eggs, enticingly colored in preparing the ornamental bowls of beets, with the varied tones of jellies and preserves, would make the table most attractive. As for table service, there was an enthusiastic listing of linen and silver and glass we had inherited and acquired. And with plans for floral centerpieces and bouquets, including the choicest roses our special rose-lady could possibly grow for Mrs. Hayes, and for Mrs. St. John, provided the

latter came also, this part of the program promised to be all that anyone could ask.

Arrival of the party at ten o'clock gave two hours for the President and the Governor to speak before the luncheon, and afterwards there would be time to visit the exhibits and see the races before the return at four in the afternoon. Some of the names of the luncheon committee come back in the rhythm inseparable from the memory of certain people: Goodrich, Hamm, Innes, Woodward, Finney, Sudborough, Slavens, Learned, Inge, McKinley, Norris, Moore. Your dear mother had an extra place in the group as the daughter of Major Snow and the wife of W. W. Sain, editor of the Woodson County Post. You two little girls at two-and-a-half and four were always asking questions during the family discussions over the great occasion. We were naturally often together, and the two men seemed to think of nothing else. Your mother and Emily were finishing some "point lace" and silk embroidery to add to the Floral Hall attractions. Mother held everything steady in her usual quiet way, and I responded to everything, schoolgirl fashion, and wrote letters about it all to sister Anne, brother Cyrus and Uncle Harlan, who thought it was lovely to be called my "alter ego."

The great week came all at once at the last, promising to be clear and fine every day, and it was simply thrilling to drive Father over the grounds on Tuesday morning and to see how the people poured in with their countless entries, from live stock to the daintiest feminine handiwork, while the secretary and his numerous aides listed the entries and other groups arranged them.

East of the mile-long race track, the trees and bandstand inside the oval were dressed and ready. Campers intending to use their covered wagons and others with army tents were finding locations on the farther side. Quarters for the live stock lined the north boundary of the west side of the grounds. Such racing favorites as "Nancy Lee," "Silver Bar," and "Prairie Flower" were already first in the row. Best farm horses and fine cattle were

coming into the next stalls, and pedigreed hogs were to follow. The poultry had been given ample space near the agricultural products, their voices "heard in the land" and their colors enlivening their coops. The grandstand midway of the west curve of the track had its new additions in fine shape. The speakers' platform, facing the central section, had been built from the very first fair under a superb walnut tree that had probably reached its half-century mark. Ranged about in desirable spots as near as might be, were numerous refreshment booths beneath the trees. Plans were going forward everywhere for lavish use of flags and bunting. If nothing else were accomplished, the Fair would be, when the day arrived, one huge design in stars and stripes against the lovely whispering foliage. Also, no one would go hungry or lack for red lemonade.

Father always paused for a cordial greeting to newcomers among the concession folk, and an extra welcome to "our old friends." And here were Andy Sallee, bare-armed and fit as silk, a clean-cut personality, and his attractive wife in her bright peasant costume, back again "for sure" in their accustomed place, with their inimitable red-hot candy. Their stand had a gay new marquee cover. The counter, covered with its habitual white oil-cloth, displayed a fine specimen of the recently invented cash register, hard by the white marble slab on which Carmina stretched and cut the perfected, wonderfully exact bars ready for their oiled paper wrappers, "Five cents for one, twenty-five for six." Never in all the world, to taffy-lovers of the period, was there a more delicious and simon-pure sweet. It was so richly creamy when warm, so delectably crisp and crunchy when cold. As they returned our greeting, the "pull" of the moment was about ready. The stout white-painted post with its heavy steel hook waited for the kneading of the "throw" in Andy's white sensitive hands, and on just the "feeling" of the right instant he tossed the great lump over the hook at arm's length, caught it in his left hand as he stepped back a bit, and then threw

it over again. With the distance becoming a little greater each time, the lump was soon a skein as thick as his arm. Throwing it again and again in splendid rhythm, catching and doubling the shining mass over and over, in an incredibly short time he called in his rich tenor voice, "Red-hot, red-hot, hot and ready! Best and purest candy in all the wor-ld! Five cents for one, twenty-five for six!" while Carmina was busy with her part of the magic process. The clinking of the coin in the new register joined the refrain as we went on our way with a good supply of the precious confection, myself saying in my enthusiasm, "How does one ever learn to do things like that?"

I had not yet appraised the greatly vaunted arch over the main entrance facing full view all who came across the bridge. Many men were working at it, and piles of material stood all around. Henry Worrall, Topeka artist, had built it, and it was just as well that I should see it all finished. By Wednesday evening everything was ready for the final touches. Fresh apples, peaches and plums in the three green willow baskets hung beneath the opening. It was like the arch of Titus in my *Story of Rome*, strong and square, not so high, but very much more alive. The framework was closely covered with the reddish-green stalks of sorghum in a linked diamond pattern. The columns were firmly based in mammoth golden pumpkins, crook-neck squashes, stalks of lavish corn-in-the-ear and sheaves of wheat and oats. The edges carried up the coloring in fitted sorghum heads and bearded rye, and the cornice was outlined in heavy ears of corn, white and red, yellow and "squaw." Above the opening was a wide band of Kansas clear blue proclaiming our united "Welcome" in all the loveliest seeds and grains, and this was set off, moulding fashion, by kaffir sprays with braided stems.

It was a triumph of skill beyond words, and the crowning feature was to be our Emily as the Goddess of Liberty standing with her left hand on the state seal, which was pictured in the choice grains and seeds, star and all, on a wooden foundation,

and held securely upright on the top of the structure. The proud young figure draped in a big flag would hold in her steady right hand the staff of a silken "Old Glory" floating free. Crowning all, the liberty cap would be most becoming over her dark hair and eyes. Everybody was pleased when she was chosen for the part, and with only the guards and a few others about, she lightly scaled the inside ladder to make sure of her pose. I ran across the wide roadway to the end of the bridge to get the full effect, and have never forgotten how I was filled with the thought of the coming pageant, the eager crowds, and the skill of the artist. I, too, some day should be some sort of artist. Emily was a born actress, would do her part well, and always would inspire me.

We went through the "Pumpkin Palace," as someone had dubbed the big barn-of-a-place that housed the agricultural exhibits, to see the horns of plenty and state shields Mr. Worrall had designed for the rough pine spaces above the exhibits. Then we lingered awhile in Floral Hall, the building that on one side housed a splendid array of all kinds of fruits, fresh and canned, preserved, jellied and dried. Sharing the same space were bread, cake and pies, and also flowers. The other side was devoted to the so-called fine arts and the careful arrangement of countless sorts of handiwork offered by the clever women of four counties that had worked together for an outstanding success in everything.

Mr. Worrall, our artist, told us more about his adaptation in pattern and material to the requirements when we exclaimed over the total picture. Then he told us something of the "seeds in his mind" that had led him on to the present time, and something too of visions before him as we drove slowly home. He was a true Kansas pioneer in his chosen line, and

We heard the voice in common things
That wings and sings;
We saw in its supreme demands
The beauty ready to our hands.

There came the perfect Thursday morning of the Day, September 25, and every single person responsible in any way for the historic success was up bright and early doing the last-moment things so all-important. The expected crowds of people poured in more and more as ten o'clock approached, to line the way from the station to the Fair or to seek good places within the grounds. The carriage and pair, secured from a generous owner in Emporia, waited with its colored coachman to head the other official vehicles, while more ordinary buggies and surreys, with one or two buckboards and good farm-wagons and a large number of horseback riders of both sexes, the women in flowing habits, were also ready to fall in line. The newspapers over the nation stated that "nowhere across the whole country were the President and his party more enthusiastically greeted." The "Katy" came in on the dot, the whistle blowing with extra power through the clear bright air, and the mile-long procession from the station to the bridge was formed by the two crimson-sashed marshals of the day, their horses curvetting back and forth as the units were properly placed. The three bands began to play; the military escort took the quick step; cheers and smiles, waving hands and hats and handkerchiefs and pennants enveloped the pageant; and the friendly group it honored responded almost every moment, as distinguished people always do. The bridge filled with the pageant; the Goddess of Liberty was in her place, and as she related afterwards: "They just kept bowing and smiling to the crowds, still coming slowly to the arch, and I was afraid they didn't see me though some of the soldiers looked up kind-of surprised. But just in time Mrs. Hayes noticed and nudged the President with her elbow. He took off his silk hat and bowed real low, and she waved her lace handkerchief, just a little, something special, like her smile."

But Emily was not as happy as old "Uncle Eph," a white-headed daky "outen slavery," as he liked to tell the favored family for whom he worked—when he worked. Determined to

"be in de front" when the party reached the speakers' stand, he crowded in upon the President and the Governor at the foot of the steps, shouting "Trec cheers fer Presidum Hayes," and wonder of wonders, the "Presidum" took his hand "jes' like white folks" with a hearty "Thank you, Uncle," and "Den de white folks wuz cheerin' good old Eph!" I don't remember that any of the fair-district first ladies sat on the platform with Mrs. Hayes and the wife of Governor St. John, but surely this detail was properly cared for.

Mrs. St. John was rather tall and slight and dark, like the Governor, whose black hair and mustache were in strong contrast with President Hayes' full brown beard and sturdy physique. Mrs. Hayes looked like a very gracious and dependable wife with her smoothly parted brown hair under the little black lace bonnet familiar from her pictures, and the white-ribbon W.C.T.U. badge she always wore over her heart. Both women were very plainly dressed, for the period, in black taffeta, which then, of course, was real silkworm silk. However, *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Weekly* of October 18, 1879, which featured the occasion, along with General Grant's magnificent reception in San Francisco within the same week, shows Mrs. Hayes in a short-trained costume with a ruffled overskirt caught up in the back bustle-fashion, the man who made the drawing no doubt having used her appearance on some other day. She is standing in this picture with the President, a uniformed soldier and General Sherman, beside a big apple display on a surprising pyramid of narrow shelves, each figure with a generous basket of the fruit on the left arm.

The program was going smoothly. The speaking of the morning had been "as eloquent as appropriate, dealing with the questions of the state and the country." And, also, quoting the *Leslie's* reporter, "Following the addresses, a beautifully upholstered and polished buck-horn chair was presented to the President on behalf of the Fair Association by a distinguished

member." The chair is also pictured. It looks rather uncomfortable, and as the paper lies before me I well remember that the frame was made of the much more appropriate horns of Texas steers, and the upholstery should have been described as a rich red leather, suitable, no doubt, for a seat of state. The luncheon had passed off to the complete satisfaction of the whole management, restaurateur, the four-county committee, and the liberal ladies who had such a fine opportunity while sorting out their belongings to tell each other the cordial remarks all the guests had made while doing justice to the various viands.

The party had viewed the agricultural exhibit in the bare barn-like place where it was displayed. "In the farm products there were 132 lots of grain," said *Leslie's* again, "233 of vegetables, including pumpkins and squashes, 43 of butter, cheese, etc., and 86 of apples, peaches and plums, all in every way exceedingly creditable." Bottom-land stalks of corn, and branches of wild persimmon fruit and wahoo berries were used here and there decoratively, and the premium ribbons looked very gay. Floral Hall was part of the permanent plan, and Mr. Worrall had adorned the upper part of the clean pine walls with horns of plenty and other emblematic figures in the wealth of form and color the earth had brought forth. This enhanced the quilts and hooked rugs and other varieties of home-making work that "made of the place a tent of Tapestry." Adjacent to the apple-stand there were the cases of bread, pies and cakes, then the special shelving for the canned fruit and preserves, with every possible kind of jelly, like so many rich jewels. Upon the wall above all this toothsome-ness hung a number of medleys in steel-engraved and color prints, and various designs in wool and hair, wax, shells and feathers, some of the frames being made in putty-work or leather-work stained and varnished. The exhibit was truly impressive.

It happened to be in this spot that some favored spirits were informally received by the distinguished guests, the

guards quietly keeping the place from being overcrowded. Mother had been introduced at the luncheon, but for some reason the "Goddess" and I had been too far away from the leading table, and would not push ourselves forward. Now we were to have our chance, and when Father came in we approached the great moment. General Sherman had stood out from the rest on the speakers' stand, quite as I had pictured him, and now, close up, his whole lean person with the face and eyes you could never forget, seemed invincible. He had made the shortest and best speech of all, so urbanely and wittily comparing the "bleeding" and the "drouthy" Kansas with the "desert blooming like the rose" of today, and I was now listening eagerly to every word he said to the people ahead of us.

Finally Mother had her second word of greeting, and Father said, "Our two daughters want very much to meet you," and then Lucy Webb Hayes, "Ah, the Goddess of Liberty, we congratulate you." And to me, "You must be very happy together," giving her two hands to us, and then a marvelous kiss. The President was also very cordial. Then General William Tecumseh Sherman towered high above us and took our breath completely, saying, with a deep bow, "I, also, salute you," while the whole group applauded the additional honor. It detracted nothing at all from our exaltation when we read in the papers that he was in the habit of kissing all the attractive girls he met on the tour. The famous stubble beard was very scratchy, but we should probably never know the like again.

The President expressed his satisfaction in the great day as the procession formed to speed the parting guests. Mrs. Hayes said, "The warm hearts of the people mean the most of everything, everywhere." Other commendations from various members of the party were repeated. The early autumnal coloring of the trees along the bend of the river was duly noted, as well as the beauty of Oak Street, our longest and most attractive residential street. We knew that the value of a good impression

in a farewell was as essential as in a welcome. We were proud of these homes and their surroundings. The fall flowers in the yards blended well this happy day with the special decorations, and the wide fields back of the town, their harvest done, stretched away to the mystic horizon. Pennants waved and bands played. The picture of the morning ceremony was now complete. A vital worth-while task had been well done. And nobody was tired at all.

There was just enough time to exchange good-byes at the long, low, red-painted station as, with its flying flags, the train came down the gleaming track. The visitors filed into the special coach and were borne away on the trip to the coast, with baskets of fruit from prairie-land to vie with that of California.

And by Saturday night came the splendid financial report from the Fair officials. Ten thousand people had bought their tickets and passed the gate, following the unusual day before. Season rates, the rights and privileges, and entry-fees for the races swelled the receipts. When all was done and the bills were paid there was a fine surplus for the next year. Father said, "The people knew they could not see the Fair for the crowd on the big day. So they came all three days. And Saturday gave them time to come down to earth before Sunday."

LITTLE BROWN COT

LAWRENCE, KANSAS

FEBRUARY, 1939

III

Baker Days

To Dr. Homer Kingsley Ebright,
Professor of Biblical Literature
And College Historian,
Baldwin, Kansas

III

DEAR DR. EBRIGHT:

In sending you the enclosed manuscript I can only try to express more fully my appreciation of your cordial encouragement in regard to my plan for writing my memorabilia when given you so briefly a year ago. Writing out the significant things one has met in this curious entity we call an individual life is an occupation of more or less value, as you well know. It depends so largely upon the character and skill of the writer, how fully he or she is a part of it all, and upon the point of view. How very important, also, is the attitude of the reader, who may be but one, or whose name, perhaps, is legion.

There is no doubt of the sheer delight in giving any creation its inevitable form. Producing the memoirs will, I trust, be the practical proof that they are worth while. Making haste slowly in the numerous demands upon my quiet existence, I have come thus far. It has truly been a very "pleasant way," and what a blessing it is that in any beckoning journey one forgets the unavoidable detours. Your method of compiling the history of our Alma Mater has been a great impetus in this part of my undertaking.

This record of my own time in Baker University is, I am sure, much too long to be included in your annals, as you have suggested. But I do hope that you will find it worthy of such place as your limitation of space permits. You may find, in any event, some passages belonging to your scheme, or maybe you may use a quotation or two especially indicative of the Spirit of Baker that has meant so much to us all. How we love to think of our ever-increasing "army with banners," how we welcome each year the fresh recruits in September, and how we speed each class that goes out on the "rare" Kansas "day in June," more perfect than our New England fathers ever dreamed of. And so, devoted

teacher of the Book of books, and never-failing friend, "this is my story" without which, perhaps, I should have had "no song." While I am wishing you and yours every possible good thing and eagerly awaiting your new book comparing immortal characters in Greek literature with the Bible heroes, think of me always as "doing my best and leaving the rest," as Baker and life have taught me.

As I cannot remember when I did not intend to go to college, early desires must have combined with a natural heritage. The forbears on both sides had been keen for education. My maternal uncle, James Harlan, the one brother of four sisters who did much to help him through his four years at Asbury College, Greencastle, Indiana, had a little the warmest place in his heart for Lydia, the youngest, who had married his heart-friend and college-mate, George Catlin Snow. And I, Florence Lydia, the baby in their brood of children, simply "belonged" in his brief visits with us. My very first letter, written at the age of five or six, was addressed to him, initiating the correspondence which was one of the countless small things that had so large a part in his eventful life.

Living in Baldwin, Kansas, with the infant-university which cast its growing light into the future, I heard Father and Uncle Harlan talk about Asbury, which had only one building when they entered, as Baker had in the 1860 decade. I heard, too, about the young Iowa State University, where James Harlan, just out of college, by a sort of miracle had begun, as its first president, the long upward pull; and the Wesleyan University at Mount Pleasant, Iowa, which, as heart and soul of his home town, retained his lifelong devotion. I responded with all my fervor to their certainties in regard to this first Kansas college, breathing in the atmosphere of their enthusiasm. And I went to school in the "primary room" of Baker's first building, known even by 1880 as the "Old Castle." Later on, passing by the enchanted place as the eager students went gaily in and out with their books, taking in the academic offering with all the zest of their good

fortune; choosing the woodsy path through the nearby park to the square stone schoolhouse built in the north part of town where old Palmyra had been the first settlement—it was thus I hastened my own budding aspiration for college.

Doctor Dallas, who could cure one of almost anything curable, told his little daughter and me, so often with her, his own stories of down-east colleges, and each of us stored away his special blend of college magic and the marvels of Methodism. Look at the statue of Lincoln, gift from Kansas club women and children, in the state-house grounds in Topeka, and you may see something of this Baldwin transfusion wrought by Merrill Gage, son of my childhood friend and grandson of her physician father.

The college ambition was naturally a large part of the family assets when we moved to Neosho Falls. Changes in Indian affairs ended Father's Indian Agency business, and there was great rejoicing among us that he would now be at home all the time on the big farm adjoining the town on one side and the picturesque river on the other. He retained for a good many years his place on the Baker board of trustees and also a partnership investment in the best dry goods and grocery store that faithfully served and somewhat adorned High Street, the leading artery in the town plat.

Everything in the radical change was a great adventure to me. Neosho Falls was a more enterprising town, which had its own appeal. Though they developed slowly, good schools were a fundamental necessity as a mere matter of good business, to say nothing of their cultural values. Yet by the time I was ready for high school it was still not an accredited one. Baker, like many of its sisters, was still offering academic or preparatory courses. We also had a neighboring academy at Geneva, four miles east of us across the river, a Presbyterian venture in a Presbyterian settlement which had a store, a post-office, and a blacksmith shop. The center of learning was a narrow, tall, white frame building in an eight-block square surrounded by a row of Lom-

bardy poplars and a four-board fence of cottonwood lumber. Some of our young people had finished their schooling there, and, while the horseback ride to and fro would have been a great delight to me, the family council decided against this objective. Better do as much as possible at home, and then Baker could do its best with me and my qualifications.

As good fortune would have it, we had during the period first one teacher, and then another, who had the ability to help me complete the regular college requirements as set forth in the ambitious little catalogue. There was a canny temperamental Scotchman with an adorable wife who always brought him back to normalcy after his occasional yielding to one too many whiskey straights. He took our classes with so gallant a front and so much inherent charm, that until the inevitable last time arrived we just overlooked his weakness, loved him even more, and thought we never should recover from his stern dismissal. He was a teacher who could teach, weaving in the process a colorful, practical, idealistic pattern for each separate individual; and the one thing above others that he did for me was to make me realize the magic of Walter Scott's poetic romances. We never shall see the like again of sweet Ellen and Roderick Dhu, or hear again such skirling of the gladness of the world.

The other special gift of Providence who came our way was a young single man, a Kentucky-Missourian, very good-looking, with a most attractive manner and a very suitable name, William Robertson. He was military-academy and college-bred and taught the small school in the small town "as to the manner born." All the girls were in love with him. I simply thanked heaven for sending me a teacher who might prove so good a friend. He was ready at once to advance my special studies, and he was an endless reader of everything at all worth while, prose and verse; and he had lived, as I soon discovered, a most fascinating life. He had remarkable recommendations, but just how and why he had accepted this minor place, we never knew. Our

hospitable families took him at his evident value, and he thoroughly appreciated the quality of our home. We had many a jest over the Mark Hopkins definition of a college, and the log on which master and pupil sat in this case through many luminous evenings, had, along with its text-book work, much reading of the favorite poems of the time. We compared Mrs. Browning's *Aurora Leigh* with Holland's *Bitter Sweet*, and Whittier's *Snow Bound* with *Enoch Arden*. Shakespeare and Browning were mostly beyond me except for their songs, but better than everything else in this poetical influence came my first effective awakening to the poetry of the Bible. He professed no religion, but he had found the Spirit that is "nearer than breathing, closer than hands or feet."

All vacation I carried on, inspired with the letters from my Roger Ascham, as he liked to have me call him, and rejoicing in the really fine position that took him back into the big outside world. All the next year, my last at home, I did my ambitious best under the faithful ordinary "professor" who had taught awhile in some Normal school. Of all things I did not intend to be a Normal school product of any sort, and in all our home talks I felt that Baker had been taken too much for granted as my objective, so the moment arrived when I emphasized the fact that such an one as I should have a much bigger, more important arena in which to work out my many plans. When I pleaded for an Eastern school, Father said, "Perhaps later on for graduate work." When I talked about the State University because it was in a much bigger town and set on a wonderful hill, Mother was more emphatic than he that no girl was sturdy enough to keep her health plowing through the snow in the winter up the coveted Mount Oread, and wading through the mud in the spring!

Then finally, the repeated argument was brought forth that, being loyal Methodists, we must sustain the Methodist institution; it certainly had a great future before it. But the decision

came in the unanswerable fact that I could collect the equity in the Baldwin store, recently sold with that provision, and this new kind of monthly allowance appealed to the business streak in me. Father's word, though it might follow some argument, had always been my law, and though the humor in this adjustment did not appeal to me then, it has never since failed to excite my risibilities, as one way of financing a course in college. This decision was reached soon after school closed, and there was no time for wishful thinking. My old clothes had to be refurbished for every day, and two new dresses made for "best," one a dark red merino ordered by sample from Scruggs, Vandervoort and Barney, of St. Louis, that firm name so sweet a morsel under my word-loving tongue. The other was a black silk—nothing in the world like a good black silk when you are grown up—a nice piece of grosgrain from J. Bishop's Emporium, so long an important store in our wide territory. Sister Ella, though very intent upon her own home, had time to help with the sewing. The family artist, she easily made a modish new pattern from the intricate variety of lines on a *Harper's Bazaar* weekly pattern-sheet laid over plain wrapping paper on the old kitchen table that the sharp brass tracing-wheel would not damage too much.

Emily was patience personified with many kinds of knife-plaiting made on our knitting-needle plaiting-board as turned out by our town tinker-man. She also specialized in dozens of self-trim buttons evolved by cutting circles from the fabric, gathering each one around the edge with a short whipping-stitch, then drawing it firmly over the proper wooden mold, and fastening it securely, leaving a length of thread to sew it on in its destined group or row. I did what I could, which was not much, with my head full of certain subjects I was reviewing, an extra share of the housework, and endless fittings, while Mother kept everything smooth and "comfy," just as she always did.

Father went up to Baldwin with me on the marvelous September day when I was actually off to college, on the daily

hack to Colony to take the old Leavenworth, Lawrence and Galveston—the fourteen-mile Santa Fe branch to the “Falls” was not yet built. On our arrival we stepped into a freshly-painted carriage with a sedate team of light-weight horses driven by the loquacious Daddy Cavaness, who carried for many recurring semesters the college and all its students in his big heart. The short mile from the station brought us to the Plasket home near the campus where board and room had been secured, and where Father left me for a bit of business and his usual visit at the Cavaness caravansery, familiar through the years, just around the corner.

The Plasket family, typical Methodist folk, included two members who became inestimable factors in my whole development. There was Miss Amanda Plasket, sister of our host, who was the university painting teacher and a really likable spinster. Looking and acting the faculty-member part with certain official obligations to her nieces and college-girl boarders, she made a striking contrast with her attractive housemate, Eliza Telford, who had returned for her second year with these good people. She was a small, appealing, dark-complexioned girl with violet eyes and a magical smile that relieved a rather serious manner, and she was equally taken with me, my “willowy grace,” in the later poetic parlance of our crowd, and my evident love of doing things.

We would be sophomores together, her first year of work having enthralled her with the classical course, which did not personally interest me at all in my dominant desire for thoroughly alive, up-to-date English. But next day, my preliminaries satisfactorily over, and Father gone, she sponsored me through introductions to Emma and Sadie Sullivan, nieces of President Sweet, both very attractive in different ways, and both talking about what sounded like “an abscess” over which we all laughed ourselves into classmate unity, as the strange word proved to be “*Anabasis*,” that ancient work of Xenophon known to all be-

ginners in Greek. As the days went by, they sometimes gave me small translations in return for my choice bits of German, a subject in which I had the friendly association of Mayme Humphrey, a very fortunate only child of devoted parents who had bought one of the best houses in the town in order to be with their daughter. This addition to our initial group made five members of the class of '83. Ella Himrod and Mattie Reynolds, in Normal objective, counted six and seven. And there were three young men, a very substantial minority. These were Professor E. J. Baskerville, who had a somewhat romantic and stagey air, teaching elocution during his course; W. T. York, a very solemn, tall, thin preacher; and John Simmons, a short, heavy-set, very aggressive youth who later became a notably successful lawyer. Like many other young men, he had freed himself from the hirsute symbol of manly strength; but the other two still wore the mustache as a mark of personal distinction, and most of the men on the faculty had not yet given up the habitual side-burns, imperial, or full beard, either with or without the favored mustache.

Every school morning at nine o'clock we met for chapel exercises in the assembly room on the second floor of Science Hall, the one building on the sixteen-acre campus, where a few trees were growing and some cinder walks kept us out of the mud in the wet season. The classes were seated in order, seniors a bit too closely in front of the platform, the preps near the door in the rear, with the Faculty taking the row of chairs back of the reader's desk and in front of the green-shaded windows. A hymn was sung, led by Professor Snider, the music teacher, roll was called, Scripture read, prayer offered and announcements made by persons chosen for the day; and, after another hymn had closed this really devotional observance, the various classes went to their recitation rooms. Sometimes some visiting dignitary in church work or education gave variety to the program, and maybe a meeting with the guest was a rare personal privilege. Closer

acquaintance and often lifelong friendships developed in the classes, and more especially among students in the literary societies which met every week in designated rooms, Biblical and Athenian for the boys and Aelioians for the girls. The Aelioians, or "Light-bringers," had as their motto the last words of Goethe, "Light, more light!"

Aunt Mandy, as the painting teacher, Miss Plaskett, was called, had painted for each room an appropriate picture which hung above the platform. They were perhaps twenty by twenty-five inches in size, and all were framed in friendly rivalry in heavy gold frames bought from the Lawrence dealer whom the art pupils patronized. Any oil painting looked much better in a deep gold frame. We girls thought the Aelio picture was much the most inspiring, with its wide open stone gateway set in a poetic landscape admitting great rays of light from a lovely sky to the heart and soul that gazed upon it. The Biblicals, or Bibs for short, had a commonplace open Bible with a Greek verse from Saint Paul under it, and a kind of angel-heaven balancing an earthly foreground. Athens, also short for Athenians, had legal insignia centered with Justice and her scales and a Latin motto. Later on, another girl's organization, the Clionian, had its special significance interpreted by the devoted artist, and no doubt these interpretations were invaluable in sustaining the ideals that moved the various groups from time to time. Harking back to the old lyceums and debates in the pioneer schoolhouses, and retaining a close common interest along with a personal challenge, nothing, to my notion, has ever filled the place of these societies so well, or will ever have so much vitality and charm.

Naturally, I was glad to find a painting teacher of so much skill. Painting lessons twice a week had been one of my fixed decisions. I refused all instruction in music because the few specially musical people I knew seemed to know little else. But what is college for if it does not reveal your pet conceits? Here was Eliza very sure that, with little or no gift for music or art,

she would but concentrate the more on classical and religious objectives. On the other hand, the Sullivan girls maintained that both music and art were essential to a well-rounded useful education. I declared that I should pair my painting with literature. Since the painting department shared the big room with the north light that also housed the university library, there were many propitious moments when I went to my easel filled with some beautiful literary expression. We were all proud of the fact that Baker had been the first college in the state to create an art department, "Aunt Mandy" being the best teacher yet to fill the place. Though we did no original work, only copying chromos that were not too gorgeous, we found that chromos had their genuine influence upon American art. However, we should have something much better for the walls of our own homes. One neighborly comment on my attainment has always stayed with me, "Well, Florence, you have certainly been very industrious." What more can any teacher do for you? And I had learned form and color and atmosphere and perspective. I had a deep joy in light and shadow, earth and sky, tree and flower, that no book had given me, a certain creative sense and touch that have blended with the "light that never was on sea or land." Thus I pay my grateful tribute to Miss Amanda Plasket, artist in that beauty which is its own excuse for being. And in that phrase I realize that this was the principle emphasized by all the Baker teachers from the beginning, expressing it biblically as the "beauty of holiness," and in prosaic English through the Baker motto, "A sound mind in a sound body." My many multiplied acknowledgments I give here to the individuals among them who have greatly helped me, and to the whole body in the name of every graduate who has carried the spirit of their motto into his especial province.

That first year that defined so many important things in my brief span, brought to the group already indicated the boy Quayle, William Alfred Quayle, in many ways our most distinguished

alumnus. Two or three years before, he had taken some Baker preparatory work, then after some contact with Washburn at Topeka and Kansas University at Lawrence, had returned to finish his training at Baker. Eliza Telford's preacher-father was a good friend of Quayle's preacher-uncle with whom young Quayle, being orphaned of his mother in infancy, had lived as a son. Boys making their own way were a matter of course in this "poor man's college." He was a farm-boy, janitor, table-waiter, and whatnot to make expenses. And this William Alfred Quayle, whose job gathering corn caused him to enter late, all set for the classical course, very soon strongly appealed to Eliza Telford in their kindred interests. Others might accept him more slowly, but I also liked him very much immediately.

Quayle looked very unusual with his medium height and his commonly-clad stocky body topped with its square head finished in tumbled Titian hair and rather pale greenish-gray eyes. Surely a rare bird—a student pun he always loved to repeat—he might be instead of a "quail" a new kind of lark building its nest on the ground. In the further years indeed one very ardent admirer gave him the enduring title "The Skylark of Methodism" in tribute to his poetic insight. The smooth face with its prominent nose and determined chin was often lighted with a hectic flush under the clear skin. When we learned that both of his parents were born and reared on the Isle of Man, that gave him its touch of romance. At least it brought out the delight I had known in Hall Caine's *The Manxman*, and all three of us, Eliza, the Quayle, and I, began a continual launching out into reading some luminous book. I had read more than Eliza had done, but he, despite his straitened circumstances, had been more omnivorous and tenacious than I. His official biographer, Merton Rice, himself a notable preacher and influential churchman who was graduated when Quayle was president of Baker, gives a fascinating account of Quayle's remarkable knowledge of world-famous books.

I first discovered with him the dramatic poems of Robert Browning and the sonnets of Dante Gabriel Rossetti. Each one of us three stimulated the others into realizing the sheer values of eternal words, my possession of an unabridged dictionary, which I carried in a shawl-strap from home to boarding place and back home again each year, being one of my claims to distinction. One could always meet the jests about the habit by flashing back that there was more room in the strap with my gay striped woolen shawl than there was in my trunk.

But no mere boy, no matter what his attraction, could compare with my "Roger Ascham." True, the latter was much older, but one did not consider that, in view of all his wonderful letters and gifts of lovely books and fine confectionery, which made such an enviable place for me among the other girls. It was a place, alack and alas, that suddenly matured me in the spring of the year when came the news of his imminent marriage to a "very old sweetheart" who, I gathered, was near his own age and position out in his world; and I, feeling absurdly young and forsaken, had my natural heartbreak. But, romantic as I was, there was no idea in me of pining away, especially not until after commencement, then quite near at hand. I wanted to compare this occasion, my first as a student, with that first Baker graduation held for lack of room near the Old Castle in the park of my childhood, known then as the Grove. The event to my mind was much like a camp meeting, often recalled in the family circle, and I have thought I really could remember it, knowing as I did the three favored folk who received the three diplomas. They were Dollie Willey, James Hall and James Cavaness. Ever since that far-away time I have reflected that it was too bad there could not have been another girl in the class so as to have a double wedding when Dollie Willey and James Hall were married.

During this, my first year, when the annual revival was held, beginning with a general season of prayer the first week of January, I was converted and joined the church in which I worshipped

those college years in the building erected in 1868 near the campus. A plain oblong of the very early church type, it remains through its various adaptations, like Science Hall of that period and the Old Castle before it, really beautiful. It is plain and staunch and strong in the sienna weathered limestone that distinguishes so many of the historic buildings and pioneer homes through the eastern part of the state. Protracted meeting had always seemed very negligible to me. Coming naturally along in the Methodist pattern, religion had been a matter mostly for fathers and mothers as the family mingled with the varied church members that we knew. Some of them were very sincere and worthy of imitation; others "built their goodness up so high it toppled over on the other side," and I did not want to be like that. The indifferent ones did not concern me at all.

But here at Baker young folks and faculty were filled with the dominant spirit which indeed faculty and townspeople extolled. It had become to the main body of students the way of all individual hope and color as given to the Son of God, and each one became a glad evangel. Eliza's steady light was always an unfailing star. Sade and Emma found full expression in their gift of song. The manifold Quayle was very certain of his great commission. And while sometimes some details deflected me, all this Christian vision, this dream that made all dreams come true, was the thing to which I had tended, and for which I was running my course. Now it helped me across my first grave disappointment, and when commencement came I was much happier than I had ever expected to be, the coming vacation was especially welcome, the progress ahead of me more than ever desirable.

According to the *Baker Index*, college magazine for that year, with myself the editor, we now had three hundred and twenty students as the setting for the class of '83, a convenient number for everybody to be interested in everybody else. While each coming-back to school had known its own distinctions, the final

joyous sounding of our keynotes in all their combinations made this last return the most significant. With little or no training in recreation it was in the Baker system to get in close touch with "God's Out of Doors," that Henry Van Dyke phrase that became the title of one of William Alfred Quayle's most poetic books. Whatever the season, fall or winter or the exquisite Kansas spring, there were unforgettable walks and talks in all directions, with many objectives—botany, geology, birds or butterflies—and picnics to historic spots around about, usually with books at hand if some faculty member was along, making the outing specifically educational. Needless to say, just walking and talking, two and two, occurred even more frequently. There was ample provision also indoors for our infinite variety of youthful interchange of thought and feeling. As the year rolled on and winter laid the "treasures of the snow" across the world, there were more indoor recreations while happy tramping, sleighing and skating had their day. We had no cards nor dancing nor movies, but we cultivated the social Christian graces that have not failed us in the present time.

Emma and Sade, Eliza and I maintained through the course the intimacy begun my first year, always strengthened by natural connections with other groups and personalities. And very much of course the shining threads of love-affairs, broideder through the whole fabric, had their personal interest. Don Colt was devoted to Sade, Henry Siegrist to Emma, bringing rare future happiness, while the Quayle and Eliza seemed evidently made for each other. The three boys did not finish until the following year, a fact rather disconcerting to masculine make-up, but the girls did not mind it at all. Nor did I mind at all that I found no single swain who made me think of marriage. If I could have put a number of individual traits and attractions into one person, my story might be different.

Though Eliza and the Quayle had seemed to be very much in love, there was, as in so many college romances, "a rift within

the lute that by and by made all the music mute." The man climbed steadily to his goal with another girl as his wife. Eliza, after fulfilling a rare daughterly duty to first one parent and then the other, became for many years a well-beloved creative teacher of Latin at Baker. She was my understanding friend until the last, and I have never known one who lived more fully the abundant life or who had more joy in the daily task.

These are inside pages in our class book of remembrance. How happy were we that they were not written until this last magic year was some time past. A great student following took its part in eager recognition of the Quayle vision and the dream through the college years in evidence of the things to come. He had such a way with him in securing his essentials, from the changing work that paid his expenses, and his generous contributions to all our religious interests, to the more special mental and spiritual benefits that singled him out. Making friends with little or no apparent effort, he did not fail, with his temperament, to rouse antagonisms. Baker has always been very rich in the quality of her students, very certain of reaching the heights, but also very human. Our particular inner circle, through our separate hard-working ambitions, placed no limits on his capacity, which included the laborious days and nights so far beyond our own endurance. We have seen him professor of Greek and the then "youngest college president in the world" as head of Baker University, eloquent preacher and beloved pastor in great city churches, distinguished orator for countless occasions, honored bishop of the far-flung Methodist Episcopal Church, and incidentally collector of the precious early Bibles given at his death to our Alma Mater, and now suitably encased in a special room of the Library as a tribute from Joseph Bristow, one of his dearest and most successful Baker-student familiars. All but three of the ten "Eighty-Threes" have gone with our Bishop Quayle to the long home that they have builded, and one can only voice the mystical, faith-believing word, "Selah."

There soon came the twenty-fifth Baker Commencement, fifty-six years ago, the first week in June, 1883. Nothing else is quite like a college commencement week in a Kansas June, with its special entertainments and social affairs, urbane celebrities and happy old grads. At long, faithfully-won last, the Day itself arrived, with its families and friends and flowers, its white dresses for the girls in the class, and approved apparel for the boys, the caps and gowns of more famous schools not yet having been adopted at Baker. I still have a copy of the little cardboard folder setting forth the lengthy program given on our particular finale. Very ornate on the front page in the selected type and decoration, its reverse space contains in very fine print the titles and authors of the various orations, with the carefully prepared musical numbers, vocal and instrumental, by the best talent in the college and the town. Facing this layout is the class song from my "poet-laureate" fine gold pen with its mother-of-pearl handle, to the tune of the popular sentimental song "Gently Down the Stream of Time." There are two eight-line stanzas dwelling on "It is time to say farewell," with a most affecting chorus in which the audience was supposed to join the class in their rendition. "Good-bye, good-bye. When we may meet again we cannot tell. Good-bye, good-bye!" The class motto, "Know Thyself," appears in bold black capitals in a filigree border, all very chaste and sufficient, on the last page of this unique souvenir.

Faculty and class and other participants filed in promptly on the moment and found for the next two hours a most receptive audience. From the first oration on "Changes" to the last of the ten, on "Destiny," the hearers enjoyed it all and heartily applauded the musical selections as well.

But the surpassing feature of the day, only that morning made possible, came as a splendid surprise. As the applause died away for the last production, the chairman of the College trustees stepped forward with the statement that Baker University, on

this day graduating its largest class in its twenty-five years of existence, was now free from debt. Through the last payment by a devoted friend on the long-time heavy mortgage, we were now able to burn the papers and henceforth go forward with the plans for the future. Then the greatly-needed third building in the Baker progress, Centenary Hall, seemed to rise before our eyes in the tiny flames and wisps of smoke from the old documents. Someone "lifted the tune," the doxology was sung as never before in that sacred chapel, and a hundred "Praise Gods" and "Amens" swelled the tremendous joy. After a little time an impressive quiet came for the presentation of the diplomas by Dr. William Sweet, best of all "Prexies," each one with his inimitable personal comment. And with the benediction it was all over. Only there were the crowds of people pressing up and around each one with congratulations for us and themselves, and gradually leaving us to our own folks and flowers and our own exuberant "Perfectly splendid" and "Good-bye, —Good-bye." Parchments and bouquets in strong young arms, we went out into the world, whatever it might prove to be, remembering, ever after, one great thrill that would never come again.

LITTLE BROWN COT

LAWRENCE, KANSAS

APRIL, 1939

IV

Magnificent Distances

To Rosemary Ketcham, Chairman,
Department of Design,
School of Fine Arts, University of Kansas

IV

DEAR ROSEMARY KETCHAM:

It is so very nice having the postman coming early in the morning during this seven-times-heated summer. It is lovely here in the faithful old swing on the shady porch, our campus view, as you well know, ever new. The university lawn sprays have been going all night, along with my own and the near neighbors', the grass is green, the birds are singing cheerfully in the friendly trees, and the so-like-you letter that is the best of my day's mail brings me the measureless outlook you have given me in your artistic fashion. And here I begin my reply, almost at once. It is so much more like talking.

Best felicitations, even more than usual, upon your vacation journey and final safe arrival at Buzzard's Bay, where your sister and her family, children and grandchildren, make a place of peace so worthy of the widely-beloved Bishop Anderson and such a wife and mother. Also my very distinctive appreciation of all you tell me about your Washington, D. C., visit. You will be glad to have me say, trying to cover the "everything" of our long friendship, that you have made me feel the moment has come to project the Washington chapter in the memoirs I am writing, and in which you have so much faith to believe. This decision is doubtless the result of the episode you narrate in regard to meeting my second cousin, Mrs. Jessie Lincoln Randolph, granddaughter of President Lincoln, and the courtesies she extended to you. That her son happens to be the warm friend of your former pupil who has become, like many of your pupils, so successful in his chosen subject of design, is one of those personal links we all enjoy, and the connection between Mrs. Randolph and myself is an essential part of my unfolding pattern.

Note: Miss Rosemary Ketcham died on July 7, 1940. The fact that she had already read and approved this letter to her has helped to soften for me the shock and the sorrow. F.L.S.

You have said that when my Washington picture "came through," to use the quaint old Methodist revival term, I should write the letter to you. This delights me very much, because I never can tell you directly how much you and your great gift have meant to me. What a happy chance it was for me that we came to Lawrence and Mount Oread at about the same time, you to develop the infant Department of Design at the University of Kansas into its present place among the outstanding art schools in this country, with certain recognitions given to no other teacher; and I, just beginning the descent of my western slope, as a student at large, with my appreciations in art and poetry. That you made me and my beauty-loving sister Emily so free in your newly-finished quarters in the Administration Building, was one of those beginnings which have no end. In all the trends of my later life you have given me a character and color that, try as I will, I cannot really define.

Writing here in the early morning, as the words may come, I realize how fully my Washington was a "city of magnificent distances." Who shall consider, dear Designer, how much goes into any really creative design? When you are reading this down by the measureless sea, think of me, your friend. And let me have your comment.

This great journey into the outside world began with my home-coming from college. Neighbors and friends joined in the family's satisfaction and my own exuberance. But very soon I found myself comparing Baker University in small-town Baldwin with small-town Neosho Falls and finding the possibilities much in favor of the former. Probably the main trouble in my outlook had come from the shock it gave me when Father wrote in the spring that he had sold our "Rockland Home," as I loved to call the splendid farm with the ancient trees and the big boulders that gave our stretch of the river so picturesque a touch. The

rocks carried one back to the glacial period, and forward, east and west, to the mountains that were made to climb.

I had not allowed myself to think about giving up our very own beloved place. Father's health could not be as bad as the doctors made him believe, though some change might be necessary. And suppose this rare chance to sell at his own price might not come again, why did people everlastingly have to think about money when the finest things in the world could never be bought and sold? It did not comfort me at all that Mother and Emily were very happy because the one desirable house for sale in the town had been secured. While I was "too much of a lady" to say anything about it, I could not see how we were going to fit into this red-brick house on the best residential street running along the western edge of the town, as our farm lay along the eastern rim almost directly opposite. The wide sunset view from the living-room window did not at all impress me then, but through many years to come that view was worth a great many times the price I paid. Nor did it matter then that the house had been built in the "Katy" boom days, by Isaac T. Goodnow of the railroad land office, after a down-east pattern that during my adolescence had seemed the very acme of culture. Mrs. Goodnow was an authority on rocks and shells and books. Her niece had gone to a young ladies' finishing school. Also, she was the one teacher in our Sunday School who understood what a marvel it was to be an ambitious girl in a world overflowing with all sorts of promise. I realized now that the "residence," in village parlance, had always been too narrow and too high in the desire for a full upper storey rather than the upper half-storey chambers of the town, and the rooms were much smaller than the "upstairs" that Father had built at the same time. But I did recall that the big yard, with its carefully fostered trees and flowers, its white picket fence and crushed-shell walk leading to the broad stone steps and Colonial door, all had a charm that nothing could destroy.

Yet it was almost beyond belief that memorable June day that the four of us were coming into this kind of place instead of the familiar spacious white house with the blue-green shutters, the wide porches, and the fretted railing on top of the mansard roof that set off the main house so well. Since the family had moved only three weeks before, it was wonderful how well everything was settled to welcome me. Even Father was eager to show me how this and that fitted into the different rooms. Our walnut furniture and carpets and curtains were quite as valuable as the Goodnows', and there were some very suitable places to hang the landscapes "done" at Baker and so ornately framed at the Lawrence art and book store. I wanted nothing so much in heaven or earth as to have a good hard cry. However, plans for changes in the fall to make things more like our earlier surroundings led me to be more cheerful. Also, "Anything, just anything, dear Lord, to make my precious father well," was the right kind of prayer. Had not the poets said that one had to suffer in order to write anything of universal appeal?

The summer did not tarry with its usual "corn weather." I developed a new interest in helping Emily give Mother a complete rest, thus making her more ready for our innovations. Father gave me certain tasks in the many meticulous accounts he always kept in the various projects he should now lay aside. The only trouble with poets, he said, was that nobody ever opened their eyes to the beauty of good business. Also we had many of our old chummy drives, and he told me things I wanted to write about, especially when we went to the "Fuquay Farm," which he wanted the family to appreciate thoroughly, a bottom-land tract three miles from town. He had bought it largely because he knew it so well in his Indian-agent days. There was no prospect of my going out "to do something with my education." One should not take a place some other girl really needed, and surely learning to write by writing could be done in so fortunate a home. I agreed to the idea of waiting a year for the graduate work which

had been tentatively promised me; and naturally, in renewing old affiliations and making new ones, life began to seem very much worth while. Also, I could always believe that using what one had in the right way was the best avenue to something more ambitious.

The improvements were a case in point. Mother's smooth management made the matter an engrossing continued story, as she kept everything in certain good order while first one part of the house and then another was remodeled and readjusted. My fancy often painted what the first owners might think of our greater breadth and freedom. The picture of Mrs. Telina Potter, from whom we secured the property, has always given us a smile. She was a very intense Methodist of the old shouting order in revival and class-meetings, with a husband who simply "sat" through everything a bit too vehement. She had the money and held on to it; the house was hers and, because she ate too much and "the sixteen steps of the straight-up stairway" had given her heart trouble, she "just had to sell it and live on the ground." Houses are permeated with many human atmospheres, and I wonder now what we left of our design for living that has kept repeating itself in the years since this house passed into other hands.

We were all ready by the latter part of September to settle down for a long comfortable winter. Jack was no dull boy in our Neosho Falls, and there would be church affairs, including the customary protracted meeting under a good evangelist or "exchange minister," home-talent plays in which Emily always shone in the tableaux, and other entertainments. And always there was the background of our never-failing varied reading, sewing and the housework, family dinners, neighborly teas and high tea parties and occasionally out-of-town guests. As Grandmother Harlan had the habit of "putting up" the itinerant Methodist preachers in the early Indiana days, so Mother nearly always had the pleasure of entertaining our presiding elders at quarterly

conference times, as well as occasional birds of passage on various cultural missions.

One rare day came a deluxe letter from our Uncle James Harlan. This story-book brother of Mother's, and Father's heart-friend, who had written me since I was six or seven of his rich life wrought out of the Indiana pioneer conditions, had been my constant inspiration. We had not heard from him since his commencement gift and felicitation, but we always realized his countless interests. Consequently, the surprising announcement that he was coming to make one of his infrequent visits was all the more delightful. Moreover, he was also bringing with him his granddaughter, the first of the three children of his daughter Mary and Robert Todd Lincoln, Abraham Lincoln's only surviving son. Uncle James had been the close friend and Secretary of the Interior to the Civil War president. This connecting link had been a source of pride in our individual house of Snow and we continued to be very proud and happy in his Congressional record and his present position as senior judge in the Court of Alabama Claims. He referred to young Mary Lincoln most attractively as "a good armful of lively girlhood," and he "hoped we would like her." Really to know this special Mary, named for her mother and her grandmother Harlan, was going to be very much more than just "liking her."

We were so glad of the short notice, because we should have less time to wait. There was plenty of time for our method of preparing for guests, and should we not become a part of their lives as they entered into ours?

James Harlan, of Iowa and Washington, could never fail to be as genial as he was deep and calm and steadfast. Considerably older-looking than when we saw him last, the sturdy well-nourished frame was still the picture of competence and integrity. Not as handsome as Father, who was half a head taller and just as notable-appearing in his own way, Uncle Harlan in his dress and manner, his more musical voice and distinctive English, was

the type of leader that all sorts and conditions of Americans love to elevate and honor. The two of them were very dear together, with Mother so well-beloved of them both, I wanted to do nothing but think about it, hoping that in some far-off day I might be able to write about it.

Mary was a good deal like him, Mother thought, doubtless a bit jealous for the Harlan strain. She was one of the people who never waste time in getting acquainted, having intuition as well as breeding. She was a well-grown, substantial girl of fifteen, medium brunette in complexion, with abundant hair in two braids wound about her shapely head. Her eyes were either brown or violet according to the light. She had a generous mouth, a lovely chin and throat, and a sensitive nose. Her hands apparently were ready for whatever might come, and withal she possessed the appeal of a simply nurtured fortunate child on the brink of a womanhood already surprisingly expressive.

Speaking of Abraham Lincoln one day and what it meant to be the progeny of such unique lineage, she said, "Yes, but it means so much to live with Grandfather Harlan." And once she told her Great-aunt Lydia how glad she would always be to think of her along with her mother's mother whom she had known as Aunt Eliza Harlan, very much Mother's type, as shown by her pictures. She did not speak of her Grandmother Lincoln, and I wonder now what the child's idea was of that inexplicable Mary Todd whom so many writers of the advancing years have sought to reconstruct and explain as the wife and widow of the Great Emancipator.

One evening midway in the great visit, Father and Uncle Harlan announced, with special smiles Motherwards, that it had been decided I should go home with Uncle Harlan and stay with him at least until New Year's, "if I cared to." Would I care to enter through the pearly gates and walk on streets of gold! It took my breath completely, and when it came back I said, "But what about my graduate work next year?" clinging to the

cherished plan, and of course thinking of its larger expense; "and what about helping you with your business?" "I am so good and strong now," he replied, "I can get along very well. You know some of the worst bothers are wound up. Your Eastern college can afford to wait for a chance like this, and James seems to need you in his lonely house. Pretty hard lines ever since your Aunt Eliza went." Mother happily nodded her consent. Mary clapped her hands, and Emily had evidently known about the miracle, thus following better—in her lip-reading skill, even though Father and Uncle usually were a bit difficult to follow, like all mustached and bearded men. When Uncle had his say, outlining what I could do for him while having the time of my young life, I could only fall upon everybody's breast, metaphorically speaking, fairly drowned in delight.

The winged hours put on extra speed. Mary, whose clothes were naturally very "right" in every way, declared that my wardrobe was all-sufficient, since now one could buy such very good things. "Surely knowing how when the time comes, never fear," she said. A consultation with the Learned girls and their mother, remaining members of one of our "first families" who had spent the previous winter in Washington as guests of the family of the well-known artist, Elihu Vedder, gave me additional confidence. Also I should carry a letter to those relatives, and what a great thing it would be to find a friendly teacher, "O, just perhaps!" in such a painter. My trunk and suitcase were fully fit, having been bought for my entry to Baker only three years before on special order through our J. Bishop's "Emporium." Almost before we knew it we were on our way. Looking back, it seems almost incredible that moderately well-to-do people like us travelled so very little, now that no one is too poor for wheels and wings. I had not been farther away from home than Kansas City, where I had visited in the last Easter vacation the new home of my former village teacher, whose young and lovely wife also taught me many things not found in any books. But now

had come this real journey, an astonishing dream of the impossible coming true.

Uncle and I were to stop for a week in his Mount Pleasant home, first "slipping over to Chicago for a bit of his Court concerns," to use his own phrase, "and to show Mary the city in my companionship." Her father was attorney for the Pullman Company, and her home was in the suburbs, but this would be "something special for her as well as for me." How we did respond to his understanding! What magic there was in the enormous buildings and the limitless life and color of the crowded streets. How beautiful the Lake with its many kinds of shipping, only a little less wonderful than the ocean must be. There were the enchanting parks, miles of residence streets, and, best of all, the Art Institute bringing the wealth of nature and its human nature into the spacious rooms. There was one surpassing Shakespearean play in a tremendous theater, then, at the last, the cyclorama of the Battle of Gettysburg in its triumph of realism. One gained an impression in walking around the reproduction, as he would have done in the actual locality, that no cinema ever gives one.

The town of Mount Pleasant, Iowa, disposed upon its chosen tract of rolling land, was much like Lawrence, Kansas, in my impression, though its "Mount" had not the elevation of our "Oread," and the one square stone college building was larger than Science Hall at Baker and not so ambitious as Fraser Hall of Kansas University. The Harlan home had a distinctive place on the broad streets with their splendid arching trees. It was considerably larger than I had thought, with wide porches on the three sides of its ell-front. There were two parlors, front and back, a wide hall and a big, alluring library. A generous dining room, with a butler's pantry, breakfast room and kitchen, finished the first floor, except for my uncle's bedroom adjoining the library. The upper storey I thought especially charming with its roomy chambers and many windows for gazing far away.

Mrs. Robert Lincoln loved to spend the summer here. "So very restful," she said, "and so good for the children growing up."

This phrasing seemed to cover many essentials. She had been very gracious in her welcome, and the two other children complemented my feeling for Mary most delightfully. Jessie of the golden hair and hazel eyes was an engaging little sprite of twelve, who became your Mrs. Randolph. "Jack," affectionate nickname for Abraham, the one son, was nine or ten. He has been treasured in my memory as one perhaps too choice and beautiful to bear the burden of an earthly career. "With just a touch of malaria," everybody said who had any place in and about the house. Yet all had a persistent concern which "Jack" himself quite unconsciously dismissed as he read or talked, played his indoor games, or drove with Mary out into the painted fall in the pony-cart. It was during Robert Lincoln's United States Ministry to Great Britain, just a few years afterwards that this Abraham Lincoln, the second, passed on, no earthly skill being able longer to preserve the signal name that might have exerted a double power in our present crises.

The accustomed life went on in the old Harlan home as any good home proceeds through such hopes and fears. Uncle Harlan was closely occupied with a case that would come before him soon after his return to Washington, though there were splendid moments for me and the "other children." One day he took plenty of time to show me over the Wesleyan College that was so much a part of him, and to listen to all my comparisons with Baker. The two girls did all sorts of nice things for me and made me lonesome for the younger sisters that I might have had. There was always the great library. Books and books, and still more books, ready to satisfy one's hunger through the longest life, with the many symbolic "baskets left over." The special tiers of mighty law books on one side had been the collection of Uncle's only son, who had not lived really to enter upon his profession. It was in this place one day that

I discovered Robert Todd Lincoln searching for one of those same law volumes. I knew him at once, for we had all looked forward to his coming over the weekend; and I liked him immediately. It meant much to me that he said, "And this is our little Kansas cousin," with an extra smile as I made myself still taller than I was. In our slight opportunity for acquaintance during his short stay, his appearance and manner and evident character impressed me more and more, measured with my notion of what such a man should be. One could well believe that he had wrought out his gift of individual life with no undue regard to parental attainment, and was happy in his success.

Cousin Mary had spoken of her special need of him in voicing her regret when I first came that she should be so unusually busy that she could do so little to entertain me. Entertain! when there was such a world of vital thought in everything about, and I had my eyes to see. Just to look at her was perhaps the best delight of all. Her father's own child, she had a certain gift of Southern grace which I knew so well in so many novels, and which those same masterpieces would have credited to her Kentucky mother, the Eliza Peck who, like my own mother, had attended the Greencastle, Indiana, Ladies' Seminary when our James Harlan was a student in the celebrated College. She wore very well the French princess house-dresses in which I usually saw her. It was evident that she was heavily burdened in the immense work of going through the sixty-odd trunks that her mother-in-law, Mary Todd Lincoln, had left when she passed on. When I ventured a bit of my admiration, she said very simply that this was her task. She would accomplish it like the Harlan she was and the Lincoln she had become.

Another time when a quick spark flashed between us, she took me into the big room upstairs that had been dismantled to accommodate these multiple possessions that this conscientious daughter-in-law said "only indicated a kind of collector's mania that might have been immensely more attractive." This Grand-

mother Lincoln had bought lot after lot of children's clothing, dresses and coats, hats and shoes, and all sorts of trinkets that might be nice for Mary or Jessie or Jack, or maybe for the children of friends or servants. Then they were packed away to be ready when the time came and were forgotten. "And here am I," said my Cousin Mary, "deciding what to do with this unconscionable accumulation." Many of the woolen things were sprinkled with red pepper to keep the moths out. "It's mighty lucky I could have this room with so many windows." I felt mighty lucky that I knew enough to appreciate the splendid way she carried on, and said so, and it seemed to relieve the tension a little bit.

There were long trestle tables filling all the space left by a number of trunks still against the walls, and the worst of the work was apparently over. Piles of the various articles were checked with cards indicating families in different places and institutions in the town and state that would receive them, for this present Mrs. Lincoln would not have them wasted. What a strong generous lady she has always been in my memory of her, a modern Saint Elizabeth "loaf-giver" spelled in terms of clothing. At another propitious moment she showed me in her own room some of the lovely gowns worn upon state occasions by the Civil War "First Lady," speaking of this or that which Mary and Jessie would treasure. What would I not give now in these Lawrence years if I might have had just one of them to put in our Spooner-Thayer Art Museum beside the white lace shawl worn by one of our Lawrence ladies at the second Lincoln inauguration ball!

Knowing the Robert Lincolns, even in so slight a way, has etched its own lines upon my life and thought. On leaving Mount Pleasant, I could feel a certain reality in the great beckoning before me that was impossible before. Crossing the Father of Waters was a kind of Rubicon that kept me from ever being the same again, while it assured me of boundless future privilege.

The autumn loveliness that unrolled towards my first mountains was filled with the "light that never was on sea or land." When we came to our journey's end I wondered why everybody in the crowded station did not stop and look at me. I felt somehow transfigured inside, so elevated in my outward circumstance.

The house where I lived through this period was out on O Street near Logan Circle, with its equestrian statue so much like the statues in all the other circles that I was glad they all had their names on the bases. But this one was friendly and hospitable. I came to know the other personalities, too. City homes all look alike until one gets acquainted. Uncle's residence was a vitrified brick duplex with identical iron steps and railings, his part the northern exposure, which at first I regretted; but a bit later I was very grateful that the light in my room was so fine for painting. It had been Aunt Eliza's room, and everything in it was a delight to my soul. The connection with Uncle's bedroom and study kept me from thinking about the empty third floor, occupied, Annie the housekeeper said, only when the Lincolns came, or sometimes other guests.

The stairways, halls and first-floor rooms were like pictures of Southern homes. On the first floor there was a drawing-room instead of the Western "parlor," and the back parlor with books and open fire like a library. The dining-room would have been very much too big for just us two had it not been so nice and "comfy" when the lovely mahogany table was pushed small and round. Annie and her husband, Richard Westfall, real "quality" mulattoes, pampered me beyond all reason, and liberally educated me out of their thirty or forty years' service in Washington aristocracy. They kept the house with exquisite care, cooked and served perfect meals, and Richard was always ready for any valet duties, or any errands, including the marketing. This last became my nominal duty in the household. "Carry on your business ability," Uncle said, and it made me feel very grand with Richard

walking at a proper distance behind me, the capacious basket on his arm.

Sometimes the table was extended for an informal dinner. The servant-verdict as to me had been an immediate reaction, "Jes' ah nachewal-bohn," and it pleased both Uncle and me as my growth in grace ensued. Everybody was so nice to me constantly. There were two special women, either one or the other usually among the guests, who really "belonged" in what I was and hoped to be. Helen Ormsby was a middle-aged widow who lived near by, using her comfortable means in many cultural interests. She it was who took me to hear the masterly Canon Farrar on Robert Browning, so enhancing the interest I already had in this "poet's poet" that I bought next day the leading book of selections from his immortal works—and I cherish it to this day for a communion which my complete Browning volumes do not quite supply. Mrs. Ormsby might have been a poet herself, she lived her life in such a beautiful, practical way. But the second lady's influence was more distinctly artistic, for Charlotte Vickroy was a portrait painter who seemed to be a veritable darling of the gods. It seems almost incredible that anyone could be so richly endowed and so fortunate in birth and breeding, distinguished attainment, and a wealthy husband. She did not think so highly of her landscapes, but when she proposed that painting alone under her frequent criticism would be quite the best thing for me, everything in me seized upon the marvelous chance. There would surely be enough leisure in spite of all the going about to see what I should see. Surely no one in all the world could be more generous.

Another element, equally wonderful, soon came into the shining pattern these months designed for me. Lucian F. Turner, brother of my sister Anne's husband, Dr. Eugene Turner, physician and surgeon of the post at Fort Benton, Montana, returned to the Smithsonian Institution to complete the work he had been doing in Labrador, collecting typical birds of the Far

North. Declaring on his first call that he was very lonely without his family, he then and there gave me the freedom of his own quarters and the whole fascinating place. He had his own time and could usually meet mine when I sent a little note a bit ahead. How strange it seems to have lived in a period when there were no telephones! A most agreeable and brotherly man, his professional skill was highlighted in so many ways that it would have been a great misfortune to have missed knowing him.

During the lingering autumn weather, something akin to mid-western Indian summer, came the memorable trips to Mount Vernon, and later to Alexandria, Mrs. Vickroy's old home town, a fact which made her presence in the party invaluable. There was a leisurely blue-misted day at Arlington, in a most interesting company, and then when the glory of the leaves had almost left the lovely trees along the picturesque Rock Creek, we had a delightful picnic that made me a bit homesick for my river woods in Kansas. But how every new delight suggested more beyond!

Even the daily routine fascinated me. Uncle, of course, was gone all day after our rather early breakfast. Then came the regular "looking well to the ways of our household," with my two superior assistants. "De Jedge" and his plans and comforts were our chief concern, together with going to market nearly every day, and sometimes preparing some old-time family dish. My painting could not be neglected, and part of the time there was the kindred joy one finds in sewing. It was great fun to rent a machine and make a rather elaborate silk dress for myself and surprise my two dear women mentors. I saved the price of a new winter coat by creating for my rather passé garment a new trim of the elegant fur cloth, then a great leader in current styles. A big, gorgeous muff was the climax. In the evenings at home we read aloud if Uncle wished; or, if there was some compelling book for me, I read it under the gaslight at the head of my bed. When we were together, in the mellow study or over our meals,

or on the walks we took to church Sunday morning, or elsewhere in the afternoon, or at any odd moments, Uncle told me for my book of remembrance innumerable details of his life and work. Also, what surpassing patience he had with my endless questions about the splendid Washington I was coming little by little to think a mortal mind might know. And he really liked my points of view.

Surely never a girl of my capacity and background had ever had the freedom and the confidence that were so large a part of Uncle's incomparable gift to me. "If you doubt, don't," was his one admonition. Should I not learn for myself how vast is the concern of living? We both kept well, and things seemed well at home. I wished now and then that Father would write saying I might stay on as long as Uncle was satisfied, but as December counted the days it seemed that his "at least till New Year's" meant just that limit. I had been such a very good child, wasting no time nor energy, and why could I not learn more and more of this marvelous city? Why could I not go on to Philadelphia and New York and Boston? One needed the values of comparison, and there were the Atlantic Ocean, London, Paris, Rome, Africa, Asia, and the islands of the sea. I might never be so far on my way again. In actual fact I never have been. Short trips to the Columbian Exposition and the Louisiana Purchase Fair, some acquaintance with California, the "Pacific Sea," and the enchanted Inland Passage as far up as Sitka with its Capri-blue bay and old Russian church, have given me the big variations from my "rocking-chair journeys."

As I look back, the Washington experience just at this period of my adventures in living has always been an immense compensation. Also, looking back, I realize that I was much more interested in the fascinating people who poured out their treasure for me than I was in the astonishing buildings and the whole illimitable Capitol plan. One responded to the tremendous creative genius in it, although quite unable to explain it. The city was

like pictures and statues with all sorts of transcendent design, and with the great spaces in the pattern like certain Kansas blue-prints. We laid out our towns in very similar fashion. Here was the historic Potomac, and this was the capital of the whole United States, a city of cities indeed, taking to itself more and more strength and beauty. So now, trying for the whole effect upon my subconsciousness, I can only throw such a picture upon my present silver screen.

I was always fond of high places, having almost broken my neck on one or two ambitious occasions. Very early in my stay I had climbed to the dome of the Capitol, with the city, the White House, and far beyond, spread out before me as a living map rightly centered with the sweep of the avenue leading to the White House and out and away. "We should have been invited there to some special dinner," said Uncle Harlan, rather wistfully, "were it not for this Democratic incumbent." I replied a bit arrogantly out of my Republican blood, "I'd rather be a door-keeper in our party than any Democratic president or his wife," a thing I still repeat, though I weaken considerably in recalling the personality of Mrs. Grover Cleveland as she graciously took my hand at a public reception.

As for the Capitol itself, that was my first real contact with classic architecture and the immense delight of finding "the glory that was Greece" in this America. I wrote a piece of blank verse later on, that quite naturally "died a-bornin'," about the marble steps and the Corinthian portico and its figures of Hope and Justice, so surprisingly designed by John Quincy Adams. The Rotunda, "So wide and so high"—to quote one of our finest Kansas poems about the prairie and the sky—enthralled me over and over again with its priceless murals, its ornate decorations, and the great door. It was the Congressional Library, now so far surpassed, that carried me much more fully out and away on the magic carpet of building in many kinds of stone adorned with sculpture and painting, all for the safe housing of the countless

books for the use of the Capitol solons, yet so wonderfully ready for every book-loving person. It made me feel a glory akin to that of the "building not made with hands" in St. John's four-square New Jerusalem.

With such a perfect guide and friend as Lucian Turner, notable expert in bird-lore and kindred matters, to me the Smithsonian Institute and the neighboring National Museum became much the most personal of the great buildings devoted to education. They gave me the deeper, broader feeling that I thought must come with graduate work, and an inestimable basis for appreciation in the beloved art galleries where my glorified fancy more frequently led me. There one breathed a more and more exalted air. One reveled in form and color so distinctively expressed, and slowly, surely learned to see masterly nude sculpture as clothed in its own beauty. Also, some pictures and marbles at Gallaudet College, the only school for the deaf of its quality in this country, were especially memorable. I knew so well what the whole foundation would mean to Emily, who had hoped and dreamed of a season there some sweet day. But Emily did her bit, as a member of the National Speech Association, by compiling a very adequate list of homophonous words—words that look alike on the lips—which is still used after four decades by outstanding teachers of speech-reading.

Of the government buildings, all having the same stately character, it is more or less significant, I think, that Printing and Engraving appealed to me most strongly. Here I saw the heavy-weight Congressional Record in the making, precisely like the bottom shelf of those meticulous volumes, in their mottled bindings, in the biggest bookshelf at home. Also I saw the exquisite etchings prepared for the finished currency that gives us the engraved likenesses of pre-eminent government leaders. The Treasury Department was considerably more impregnable-looking, no doubt, than our stronghold in Kentucky would appear to me now. Those spacious vaults seemed very ample then for any

foreseeable future as I saw countless newly minted silver dollars, and piles of much fine gold, and held in my hand a bundle of thousand-dollar bills that helped me to visualize the fabulous Croesus. The State Department and the Supreme Court, especially the black-robed incumbents of the Bench, epitomized all human dignity illustrated with my memory of Victor Hugo's sense of righteousness in *The Man Who Laughs*. The Department of the Interior suggested "Lo, the poor Indian" and his place in our family fortunes. And here had been the place of Uncle Harlan's Cabinet portfolio which covered also many duties concerning the length and breadth of the land, very much like the Court of Alabama Claims, wherein I found his wide variety of interests always fascinating. Hardly ever an incident in his telling failed to suggest a story or a poem. And the Pension Bureau at a later date had many threads of Kansas color, for here Eugene Ware, our beloved "Ironquill," had a notable term of service.

The buildings of Washington stirred me to an attempt to formulate my own theories of architecture. Defining architecture as "frozen music" has no appeal to me. Music, in its very essence, is liquid, alive. Freeze it, and its distinctive power is gone. Architecture remains rhythmical in expression as it is vital in purpose. Though it has a fixed form, it cannot be static. The very idea of a building, pioneer cabin or royal castle, housing for the government of a people, or a cathedral dedicated to the Most High, gives it the spirit of poetry or painting or sculpture. The Capitol and the monument erected to the Father of our country are the dominant motifs in the composition of Washington, and the monument has been entrusted, I think, with the highest, clearest note. It reaches far back through the artistic development of the human race to ancient Egypt and beyond, and yet means so much in its expression of American ideals. The topmost outlook was not yet completed during my unwearied contacts with all the city's realities, so far beyond my comprehension, yet to be forever so near and dear. Yet through an official card and my eager young

interest I reached this crowning height ever and again. There was a limitless vista of human endeavor reaching out into the far horizons on every side in countless revelations of natural beauty. The Japanese Cherry trees had not yet been planted about the tidal basin. The Lincoln Memorial bridge, that connects it with Arlington, was yet in the future. But the famous long bridge, for so many decades the only span across the river into Virginia, held the vision of our Northern troops as they went forth to meet the Southern foe, and in due time came back again in the victory that insured our life and liberty and the pursuit of happiness. How like a miracle it was that, condemned as unsafe before the Civil War, the structure not only survived the strain of those crucial years, but still remained for folk like me to see.

LITTLE BROWN COT

LAWRENCE, KANSAS

JULY, 1939

V

The Kansas Academy of
Language and Literature

To Nora B. Cunningham
Chanute, Kansas

V

DEAR NORA:

Here is the letter in my memoir-series that you have waited for so patiently. Your interest is naturally a part of our mutual acquaintance with the Kansas writers of this generation. It was my talk in Chanute, you remember, on the fortunate ones who had then attained, that first drew us together. That was just after World War I. We were much concerned with the spirit that giveth life, and we have often discussed this spirit, especially in its poetical expression. You will recall that our looking together through some prose work of mine, published during the period of the Kansas Academy of Language and Literature, first gave me this autobiographical urge. And upon seeing my lay-out for the full scheme, you liked it so well that you wanted me to put aside my book of verse, *Sincerely Yours*, for the fresh inspiration. But that selection from my poems produced during fifty years of yearning "to write, worthy the reading and the world's delight" was too far on the way. Vital things are seldom lost by waiting for the fullness of time.

The conviction that my material was worth the effort was the main thing, though I quite agreed with you that my gift for prose, if any, needed a new period of cultivation. Then I had to be very sure that the letter was my best vehicle. But I had used the personal form in many poems, and now the intimate channel appealed to me for this creation in much the same way. At least, having always written and received countless intimate letters, I knew I should get the most delight out of addressing each one to an actual recipient who was ready to receive it. It was you who once quoted to me Emily Dickinson's expression: "A letter always feels to me like Immortality because it is the mind alone without corporeal friend. Indebted in conversation to attitude and accent, there seems a spectral power in Thought that walks

alone." Another time you gave me this from Emerson: "When I write a letter to one I love, I have no lack of words or thoughts . . . To my friend I write a letter, and from him I receive a letter. That seems but little. Me it suffices. It is a spiritual gift, worthy of him to give, and me to receive. It profanes nobody."

This was the way, but many things led up the steps to the "Academy." I wrote, first-off, the story of Eugene Lee-Hamilton, which is printed immediately after this chapter. Some weeks before, I had assisted a graduate student at Columbia University in her preparation for a master's thesis on Lee-Hamilton's life and work. Knowing him was the most unusual thing that had ever happened to me; and during the days spent in reviewing his books, I was glad that he should have this service at my hands. This English poet who so narrowly missed first place in English song might be the better remembered because of my appreciation. Approaching octogenarianism, I would do that if nothing more. You have read these letters as written through the past two years, with the understanding and encouragement that I trust reacts richly upon your own rare artistry. "As iron sharpeneth iron," so do we all say with Cardinal Newman in defining his place in the sun, "I had a friend." Thank you so very much for all you have been to me, and still must be. "'Tis not what a man does that exalts him, but what he would do."

Like the lovely small girl who once happily announced to me that she was so very glad that God had put her down where she was acquainted, I have always rejoiced in my beginnings. My family and my home and the locality had quite sufficed. Each reacted on the other, and all together they had the best gift of the familiar, a very fortunate stance for that delectable thing we call the imagination. It was a good life, plain and strong, secure and hospitable, and the eighteen-eighties had brought me two great marks of favor. The years at Baker, small college in another small town, had given me their advantages in many valuable ways.

Two years later, three months in Washington, D. C., had provided a most glamorous as well as practical reaching out and away into new vistas.

One does not really define the changes time makes in the acquaintance with oneself, the desire to write, and the astonishing ways of obtuse editors. I found expression in the home town and the little valiant Methodist church of the meager old rectangular building with its clear-toned historic bell and its small heaven-pointing spire. There was neighborly kindness shining through all the community, and life could be what one made it. There was much young joy in all my affiliations. I found great pleasure in conducting a class in painting, made up of ambitious married women who wanted oil paintings for their walls instead of chromos. Why not make them? They taught me much more than they learned from me. Teaching a club of girls near my own age who wanted to read the poets and to study the artists, through books about them and through the best cheap reproductions we could then secure, was a much richer experiment.

To quote one of my lines, "Where high lights are, the depths must also be." The procession of days brought to Mother and Emily and me the increasing hopelessness of Father's malady, and dawn of the nineties found us bereft of the strong tower built so surely in all his thought for our welfare. He had sometimes considered the need in our part of the county for a second banking business, and now the investment of our means in the firm of Sain and Snow was the logical solution of our problem. This put me into the cashier and bookkeeper's cage for the next fifth of a century. My brother-in-law, ready for the venture, took the burden of the work upon his conservative clear-sighted mind and left me with each morning free. The wisdom of this arrangement became more apparent, later on, after Mother was semi-invalided during an unusually icy winter from slipping on the back porch "when she had no business to be stepping out," as so many like sufferers always say. But the human being is born

to step out, and if it bring disaster, staying in has some compensations.

Little had been said about it, but Father had believed in me and my main intention—to write. There were so many things to write about! I found the time to see how they might look on the scraps of paper that were always with me. The “drop of ink that makes its thousands think” was just as much my privilege as Lord Byron’s, as far as I could use it. A few worth-while publications began to recognize my work. In Kansas that doughty little sheet, *The Lance*, with A. B. Frost as editor, had unlimited faith in the literary talent of the state and was most encouraging in regard to my verse. *The Lotus*, a small deluxe experiment in Kansas City, greatly gratified my aesthetic vein. *The Commonwealth*, a high-class blue-covered magazine in Denver, favored my poetry and warmly welcomed my studies in prose masterpieces. And wonder of wonders, Edward Bok, who had risen to the first rung in the ladder of his career, printed and paid for two of my short stories in his *Brooklyn Magazine*. Then, best of all, as events proved, our own *Agora* used two or three of my sonnets in its first year.

These successes doubtless qualified me for the Kansas Academy of Language and Literature. This high-sounding association was in some sense the offspring of the Kansas Academy of Science, which had done good service in the educational effort of the state. Language and Literature, with a broader scope, could readily profit by the same plan, and the project naturally centered in the State University, whose prominent faculty members in the two lines, together with some like-minded townspeople, made a strong nucleus. Washburn College, the College of Emporia, the State Normal School, the Agricultural College, Baker University, other institutions of similar outlook, and public schools, all had interested representatives. Anyone in the state creatively concerned in either or both fields was cordially invited to join the group at any annual meeting. The initiation fee of one dollar

also covered the first year's dues. The organization had the simplest possible administration, the usual officers and a committee elected each year to arrange the carefully built program. There was much happy good fellowship along with the papers, poems, and discussions, reaching its climax in the banquet at the evening meeting which featured the president's address, short after-dinner speeches, selected music, and Kansas verse.

It was January, 1892, which brought my personal invitation from the president, Thomas Emmet Dewey of Abilene, editor of the *Agora*, second revival of the old *Kansas Magazine*, soliciting my presence at the meeting at Lawrence the first of May. I had thought that sometime I might make myself part of a group that was rich in promise to lone young writers like me. And when Ida A. Ahlborn, outstanding teacher of English at Baker, urged me to delay no longer, I could hardly wait for the great début. I fared forth when the day arrived, such an exquisite May day as only Kansas can create. And I had a new dress—a fine greenish gray serge made redingote style, trimmed with green-and-rose plaid silk and a dozen big pearl buttons that every now and then have been in vogue again. There was a coachman's cape for traveling, lined with the colorful plaid, a detail the present redingote revival does not include. Also the skirt was ankle length instead of the present twelve to twenty inches, which added much to the artistic effect. The little absurd hat, all beflowered and beveled, if I had it, might be worn now quite perfectly. Emily and I had made the dress, and I had gone to Iola to buy the hat. There was a real milliner in that larger neighboring town, as well as the Charles F. Scotts, whom I lost no chance to visit. And the purveyor of what was "being worn," like the notable editor of the *Daily Register*, faithfully served her day.

Spending the night with such a friend as Miss Ahlborn was a good introduction to the Oread visit. She had taken the chair of English at Baker the year I graduated, and I came to know and love her dearly through my visits to my alma mater, as well as

through the correspondence that brought us ever nearer together. While I had been in Lawrence a good many times during my Baker days, the two schools being only fifteen miles apart, with kindred interests and some pardonable rivalry, this present contact was very different. Now came the wider acquaintance with some of the teachers in the state. And some of these, deeply impressed with the spirit of Kansas, had the voice of song.

So we went up the steps of Fraser Hall that perfect day in May repeating Arthur Graves Canfield's lines:

The light of high communings on her lies;
Thy touch the bond abide not, but are free;
 . . . None but thee
Smiled on howe'er she be by happy skies,
Hath power to still the hunger of our eyes,
Unsated by the mountains or the sea.

We registered at the desk in the main hall, paid our dollars, gave a few greetings and returned others, and entered the spacious Greek room where very appropriately the meetings were to be held. Being a bit early, we were drawn to the windows that filled the east side of the place, we looked across the shimmering valley palpitant with spring life and color, and spoke in low tones of the marvelous insight of the founders of their school in selecting a spot so rich in the natural beauty forever to be renewed through all the years to come. As Ida A. Ahlborn stood there in our quiet and the light, I saw her gracious dignity clothed in her scholastic black, a dweller in mind and heart of that Mount Ida far away which the Greek frieze about the walls of the room seemed to body forth. Practical as well as mystical, Ida A. Ahlborn had reached her present place and purpose through severest discipline. With a steady gray eye and a smile either humorous or compassionate, and sometimes both, she won the heart of the most indifferent student. She became so well beloved at Baker in the handling of her courses and the raw human stuff that was expected to be somehow awakened to the endless values of the

ages, that when she chose a different field there was a measureless vacancy that held no hope of consolation. Her single volume of poems reveals her aspiring spirit. The Baker Hymn she wrote is sung in her memory at each Baker Commencement. She was one of those of whom the world tries to be worthy.

Her spirit is with me now as I write after so many years, but that particular morning she was with me in the flesh. We turned to the order of the day, "the president in the chair," T. E. Dewey, as he usually signed himself. A good lawyer, a great lover of good literature, and devoted for its five years to the *Agora*, then in its second year, he was rather striking in appearance. He might have been considerably heavier with his extreme height, but he carried himself as one well satisfied with his lot, and spoke in a deep-toned slight drawl that belonged with his cordial, half-quizzical manner. Clear-cut features, reddish-brown Van Dyke beard and meticulous grooming expressed refined taste and solid judgment. He saw you when he looked at you and made you want to look back your very best and to increase your stature, whatever it might be. I came to know him well, and he never failed me in my changing endeavors among the many aspirants for literary excellence. He never was too crowded with his varied demands to consider each one of us. Quickly critical in the constructive sense, his suggestion left one wholly free for independent treatment of any theme, and his ready praise, when praise was due, was a fresh and radiant impetus.

Financial needs of the magazine were shared by three broad-minded Abilene friends, but he bore the editorial burden practically alone. The best writers of the state gave freely of their best production, and it seemed that the magazine ought to succeed. It did succeed until Mr. Dewey found he could no longer take the time for it from his increasing business. Also, the state, with all its high regard for the best things, had failed to make it self-supporting, a bit of our literary history that repeated itself in the later period in regard to *The Harp*, which was edited for a

time by May Williams Ward and which William Allen White has said was "our loveliest Kansas adventure." It also lived only half a decade, though we had many more cultured people, and it doth not yet appear when we shall see such two high notes again. The present *Kansas Magazine*, appearing annually, is a very different conception though equally commendable, and, whatever may betide, carries on.

Mr. Dewey was a devoted student of fixed forms in verse, having a keen perception of their various requirements, especially those of the sonnet. Though he seldom attempted it himself, he had the intuition for the sonnet-spirit, for the thought clothed with its fourteen inevitable lines, as the soul builds its own distinctive body. He carried this gift into his platform treatment of the great lyrical poets, giving himself every possible chance to spread the good news of poetry in song. After his death in 1906, his interpretations were gathered into an enduring book, entitled "Poetry in Song." His tastes were not to be separated from the life that is poetry and the poetry that is life, and he was also filled with the love of all good music. The volume contains chosen selections from his verse and three essays on Masonry, which he held in high regard, and in which he received the highest honors. He was honored in many other ways, but most of all he was distinguished by his fidelity to the Vision and the Dream. He believed thoroughly with the ancient prophet, "Where there is no vision the people perish."

The program on that notable day on which I first met Mr. Dewey included a well-considered paper on the way the Kansas writers, and especially the poets, had expressed their vision. From the time of Richard Realf, that brilliant newspaper correspondent who included his "Defense of Lawrence" in his *Free-State Lyrics*, 1856, the unique quality of the state has had its "singers in courses," period by period, on its way to the stars. A few voices in the beginning inspired others, and as the historic drama developed, its myriad phrases gave ample proof that the Spirit of

Kansas was inseparable from the Spirit of Poetry. By 1885 our body of prose, all about Kansas and for Kansas, had grown strong and beautiful in the stories of storm and stress, its eagle flights and broken wings, its mountains of Parnassus and its vitriol seas. For vital prose possesses this "something singing" that is part of the hunger of the human soul whatever be its habitat. And literature is a kaleidoscope. Writers arrange their bits of colored glass in certain patterns, and readers turn the tube, judging the combinations by a thousand individual processes; but the passing years have decided that Eugene Ware, Fort Scott lawyer and later head of the National Pension Bureau, was the most distinguished figure in the first thirty years of our literary effort. I have always regretted that I never met him. It seems that I should have done so in my friendship with the Albert Bigelow Paines of that picturesque old town. Ware possessed a strong earthy force and served his present age with a vast belief in the Kansas type of material he dealt with. Utterly careless of technique, he had a captivating method of his own, especially adapted to his ironic or gusty-humorous comment on the life he knew through and through. He found astonishing rhyme-words that made "Kansas" delighted to find its "Nyanzas" in the far-flung influence of John Brown. We shall have nothing finer in our Coronado celebration than his "Quivera-Kansas," while his "Washerwoman's Song" teaches in its confession of religious unbelief the universal benison of having the "Friend who will keep us to the end."

The topics that followed this opening paper and dealt with the importance of the dead languages did not so much concern me with my "little Latin and less Greek," but the personality of A. M. Wilcox, master of Greek at the University of Kansas, with his manner of presentation, greatly deepened my sense of the universal in Grecian song and philosophy. L. D. Whittemore, of Washburn, expressed his feeling for Latin roots almost as effectively as his artist wife was doing with the inspiration she continued to give to the art department she had established in that

avored school and to the entire state. In any study of that fealty to truth and beauty shown in our literature, one cannot ignore what we have accomplished in presenting to the eye the life and color which the regnant word impresses on the ear. "Your picture must sing" was the essential urged by W. D. Griffith, who has proved in these later years in Laguna Beach, California, what a distinctive force he was during those pioneering years he gave to Kansas in his place on the Hill. Perception comes through seeing the rhythm in a painting, and even in silent reading you hear the cadence of the words.

I am quite sure we had something to eat at the noon hour, but I do not recall what or where. I do remember meeting more men than women. Nowadays such gatherings are largely feminine. But I shall always see Miss Eugenie Galloo of the University of Kansas group, who was not long over from her native France, and who would attract any student to the study of French if only for the sake of seeing her every day. Statuesque, beautifully dressed, blond and blue-eyed and gracious, she became the head of the department when Arthur Graves Canfield was called to Ann Arbor, and she has been an overflowing spring of inspiration through all her years of teaching. Also, there was Miss Carrie Watson, since her graduation in 1877 custodian and upbuilder of the University of Kansas Library, then in its new home given by the uncle of Chancellor Snow, and now remodeled for the Spooner-Thayer Art Museum. Of very different type from her friend and neighbor, Miss Galloo, she was sturdily built and dark-complexioned, with a way of considering what you are in the light of what you might or should be. I have always kept my sheer delight in her presentation at a later Academy meeting of "The Story of the Book," a lecture illustrated with charming colored plates.

The evening of my first Academy meeting brought a banquet of good food, along with well-chosen mental viands. The dinner was served by a women's church society, resorting to that time-

honored method of replenishing the treasury of the Lord, and I was glad for the various ideas I gained which would be welcome to the women of my church at home. I talked through the courses, or more truthfully listened through them, to Thomas Brower Peacock, my right-hand neighbor. His name appealed to me much more than his estimate of his *Poems of the Plains and Songs of Solitude*. But finally came Mr. Dewey's address on Sidney Lanier, eagerly awaited because I had been fortunate enough to discover the Georgian poet for myself. The introduction briefly noted the trend and the artistry of the Kansas poetry of the year as seen from the Agora conning-tower. The address itself was vibrant with the joy he had received in his study, his manner and voice expressing the love of all good poetry. I really did not hear the reading of the several short original poems that followed, though I joined in the applause that was given each one. My soul was caught away in Lanier's eternal "vision of the forcibly divine."

Chancellor Francis H. Snow, who had opened the day with a cordial welcome, was introduced with Mrs. Snow now at his side. He expressed his satisfaction with the entire proceedings as definitive of the genius of the state and prophetic of more and more high endeavor. There was commendation and strong encouragement from Brinton W. Woodward, and a rising vote of thanks to this founder of the Academy, who, with Mrs. Woodward, had been from its inception ready with countless hospitalities, including open doors to the collection of paintings that was their great treasure. Miss Ahlborn and I, happily their guests on this occasion, went with them to their home on the eastern edge of the campus. Though the hour was late, we sat for a while before the open fire in the library that was also the specially lighted gallery, talking over our impressions of the day among the pictures which still live in my memory.

Next morning the understanding spirit of this notable house became the more apparent as we took in its spacious plan and harmonious furnishings. The slope of the lawn in its early green-

ery, its driveway and walks and wrought-iron fence, made an adequate setting for the house that is now a university dormitory, Templin Hall, for self-supporting men, a gift of the alumni. Master and mistress long "away" must look happily down upon the chosen students who live under the old roof-tree, even as they rejoice that their pictures, indefinitely loaned to the University and well hung in Frank Strong Hall, speak their message year after year to every one who has "ears to hear." I have listened most, here in my "student-at-large" days, to the American artists in the collection: George Innes, Francis Murphy, Bruce Crane, E. Irving Couse, and Stanley Wood, who was born and reared in Kansas. I am increasingly fond, also, of the Dutch Leemputten's "Homeward the Flock," a study much like a Mauve, Fritz Thaulow's "Moonlight," very perfectly done in three mediums, oil, water-color and pastel, and "Morning at Scheveningen," a very large canvas depicting a shoreline where "the broad ocean leans against the land" with a few fishermen and their boats against the mist, the whole study in cold grays and whites, yet somehow filled with life and action. I heard a funny comment on this picture one day when a very plain woman said to her companion who seemed a bit more sophisticated, "O Anna, just look at this. Must be the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers!" And Anna, looking at the plate on the frame, replied, "No, it sounds like Roosian. But it's just as cold when we have the icy times here on this hill."

The Academy meeting closed that second morning with, very appropriately, a characteristic study of *All's Well That Ends Well* by the widely known Shakespeare authority, Professor Charles G. Dunlap, of the University English Department, English-born, American college-bred, and Kansan to the core. There was a short business session, after which everybody told everybody else how unusually fine everything had been, and how they would meet again the next year. No doubt many people felt, as I have, that the Academy membership was a really important influence, each one harking back to a first decisive meeting.

The Woodward's thereafter made occasions for me to "come home" to Brynwood, a word coined from the two names, Brinton Woodward. Of Pennsylvania-Quaker blood, he had in form and feature that deep quiet certainty of well-being, no matter what the world about might be, that marks the Friends' faith. As a mere child, he had found a special wellspring of inspiration in the diary of George Fox. As a youth he had been instructed for a time by the young Bayard Taylor. He had come to Kansas, his bride just as eager as he for free-soil venture, to prosper in due time in a wholesale drug business. Their house was founded on a rock, its architecture much simpler than that of many Lawrence homes of the period. There came leisure for travel, the gathering of rare books, the judgment and ownership of works of art linked with the love of the choice paintings.

There was writing of essays on varied themes, with now and then some irresistible verse, and the gradual composition of his book *Old Wine in New Bottles*, dedicated to the Old and New Club, a company of faculty and business men who met on each Saturday night for dinner and the discussion of a paper on some high-minded, cordial-hearted motif. (The club still endures, turning the old thought in and out and round about in the new ways, and testing the new thought by established standards.) Moreover, the Woodward's were good citizens and the best of neighbors and friends. The Chancellor Snows lived north of them across Fourteenth Street in the roomy brick house behind the library, and also given to the University by Mr. Spooner. East of the Snows, on Louisiana and Fourteenth, lived the William Herbert Carruths of the German Department and poetic fame. The white cottage on its sunken lawn still is most attractive, though enlarged and modernized. The delight I had in coming into this association made every Lawrence visit that much more desirable. One winter when I was invited to read a poem before the anniversary meeting of the Old and New, I was so lifted up by

such an expression of faith that I actually produced an "Ode for the Old and New."

These distinguished Snows were good enough to emphasize the possible strain of kinship, though their down-east origins and training were far removed from my middle-western make-up. Both rather short and a bit corpulent, they were striking examples of gracious middle age. The chancellor was fair, with the clearest, kindest blue eyes I ever saw, while my family were tall, slim, and dark, with one exception in a brother of Father's who was a flaming redhead. The contrast with Professor Carruth was even more interesting. The poet, of average height, was slightly built and looked the part of one who could write in his early maturity "Each In His Own Tongue." You could readily see in the clear depths of his dark eyes how his scientific neighbor might have suggested the poem that has carried its truth and beauty to so many parts of the world. It was written when the theory of evolution first blew across Mount Oread, causing through too many years undue criticism of the University's instruction. The two diverse men stood one autumn day on the brow of the hill looking over the Wakarusa Valley, when the man of science said, "Carruth, that is evolution," and Carruth replied, "I call it God." From this exchange of phrases the poem was born. How exquisitely it sings itself from the first vital thought to the inevitable conclusion! No wonder that Thurlow Lieurance, our eminent Kansas musical composer, has given it one of his finest song-settings. I reproduce it here in the pure love that ever obtains for the best-beloveds:

EACH IN HIS OWN TONGUE

A fire-mist and a planet,
A crystal and a cell,
A jelly-fish and a saurian,
And caves where the cave-men dwell,
Then a sense of law and beauty
And a face turned from the clod,—
Some call it Evolution,
And others call it God.

A haze on the far horizon,
The infinite tender sky,
The ripe rich tint of the cornfields,
And the wild geese sailing high;
And all over upland and lowland
The charm of the golden-rod,—
Some of us call it Autumn,
And others call it God.

Like tides on a crescent sea-beach,
When the moon is new and thin,
Into our hearts high yearnings
Come welling and surging in:
Come from the mystic ocean
Whose rim no foot has trod,—
Some of us call it Longing,
And others call it God.

A picket frozen on duty,
A mother starved for her brood,
Socrates drinking the hemlock,
And Jesus on the rood;
And millions, who, humble and nameless,
The straight hard pathway plod,—
Some call it Consecration,
And others call it God.

I copy, also irresistibly, an unforgettable poem by Arthur Graves Canfield, mentioned before. There is no finer expression of the eternal verities:

WINGS

Be thou a bird, my soul, and mount and soar
Out of thy wilderness,
Till earth grow less and less,
Heaven more and more.

Be thou a bird, and mount and soar and sing,
Till all the earth shall be
Vibrant with ecstasy
Beneath thy wing.

PICTURES ON MY WALL

Be thou a bird, thy haunt the boundless sky,
Cleave thou the cloudy rack
Till thy unbeaten track
In sunshine lie.

Be thou a bird, and trust, the Autumn come,
That through the pathless air
Thou shalt find elsewhere,
Unerring, home.

The two poets were warm friends. Carruth was called to Leland Stanford later on, where, along with his German teaching and creative writing, he watched the growth of a lilac hedge from cuttings he had taken from the ever-famous Lilac Lane on the K. U. Campus, and there in California he passed on. At Ann Arbor, Canfield seemed to desert the muse, but one can be very sure that the poetic impulse has been felt in countless ways all through his work.

These "little pictures painted well," or not so well, were the more lasting part of the Academy story. The change and stimulus were essential in many ways, and I kept in close touch with its growth and outlook. I loved the advantage of meeting in the different college towns. My share of the secretarial and committee service of corresponding with aspiring spirits gave me advantages otherwise impossible. Ida A. Ahlborn was the first woman elected to the presidency. Her address "The Daily Task," read in her rich contralto voice, made us think of her life as itself a living poem. Two years later, in 1896, I followed her in the high office, my subject being "Browning's Paracelsus," a paper which finally appeared in the *Methodist Review*, next-best to the coveted *Atlantic Monthly*. That year was also distinguished by the appearance of my sonnet-sequence, "The Lamp of Gold," written through the previous five or six years, and finding, chiefly through the influence of Mr. Dewey, the imprint and format of Way and Williams, Chicago, Illinois.

The decade brought much material progress over the state, and its increasing leisure made for greater literary activity. Our writers simply flowered out in books and brochures, more prose in the former, verse in the latter. In prose, Leverett Spring's *Kansas* and Colonel Inman's *Old Santa Fe Trail* are typical classics in the historical field. E. W. Howe's *Story of a Country Town* was an important factor in the imminent realism of American fiction, and William Allen White's volume of short stories, *The Real Issue*, is now seen to be prophetic of his international standing. In collaboration with Albert Bigelow Paine in their *Poems by Two Friends*, he released some humorous poems that in no wise expressed his genuine poetic gift. Perhaps it was a recognition of this fact, as well as more evident things that had come between the two, that in later years made him buy up every available copy. But among a number of treasured yellowed newspaper clippings in my Kansas poetry case, "The Kansas Spirit Speaks" makes me believe that in this most distinguished newspaper man, and our outstanding novelist, an eminent American poet has been lost to us. Margaret Hill McCarter, who came into wide and popular notice in her series of novels woven about our colorful history, and Charles M. Sheldon, who has walked around the world "In His Steps," are also high lights in the poetic power and purpose essential to lasting prose.

Nineteen hundred and the following year brought the first three anthologies. "Kansas Day" was written by F. H. Barrington, one of our army of public school teachers who felt the need of suitable selections for Kansas Day exercises, and whose works include both prose and verse. Professor Carruth's *Kansas in Literature: Part I, Prose; Part II, Poetry* is based upon a careful study, beginning with Sara T. D. Robinson's *Kansas; Its Interior and Exterior Life*, which appeared in 1854 and reached a London edition in 1856 and a tenth edition by way of the Lawrence Journal-World Company in 1899. The bibliography of the Carruth work shows thirty-six titles in the next twenty years, a period of

depression in polite literature in the whole country. Kansas, "with her soul in arms," had emerged in 1867 with a poem in eight cantos, not about her "marching on" as might be expected, but about "Osseo, the Specter Chieftain," by one Evander C. Kennedy. But the foreword was applicable to many writers since writing began, "I have a hope; must it be a hope of despair? I wait the revelation of the mystery." He had the urge, and our literature has had the faith of lasting expectancy.

In the next forty years two hundred and sixty-four publications were issued depicting our varied grades and shades of thought and feeling. The *Collection of Kansas Poetry*, Crane and Company, Topeka, 1901, compiled by Hattie Horner, carries on our distinction in verse. She was herself a "workman that needeth not to be ashamed" among our "enamored architects of airy rhyme," and from a high-school teacher of English became an efficient editor of the ambitious *Denver Magazine*. Her book was sponsored by *The Lance*, that Topeka literary journal of blessed memory. The foreword, by George R. Peck, is admirable for reading along with the Carruth analysis.

Concerned only with the poetical gift in our necessity for truth and beauty, Peck expresses his indignation with Noble L. Prentis, who had been transformed from a tramp printer to a widely known humorist and philosopher hardly surpassed in the Kansas record. Prentis had said in an address at the Agricultural College that the students "would find it much more profitable to raise more onions than marigolds" . . . "I could pardon a millionaire for such sentiments," Peck continues, "but him, whose every harvest is one of golden flowers; who has made us all happy by showing us how much more precious are beautiful flowers than bank accounts; him I cannot excuse, for everything he writes is poetry." But as I evaluate these three volumes, now that forty years have passed, I take issue with the criticism when he says, "The poems here printed are not the ambitious efforts of veterans, but the recreations of amateurs." Compared with the masterpieces of the

ages, they are indeed "the songs of linnets," but the Kansas genius has been from the very beginning "compact of the very soul of poetry." Our poets worthy of the name have always been "obedient to the heavenly vision," the impetus from on high.

The Horner book very happily begins with Ellen P. Allerton's "Walls of Corn," which lifted the author and her readers above the stress and strain of lonely farm life, and her "Beautiful Things" carries the same high message we find in Amanda T. Jones' "Mocking Bird" and "Chewink." Of similar appeal are Andrew Downing's sonnet on "The Humming Bird" and Anne Reece Pugh's "Meadow Lark" and "Prairie Wind." Charles Moreau Harger's "Little Sod School House" and Sol Miller's "Homes of Kansas" strike other resonant keys. J. J. Ingalls' more enduring but very defective sonnet is the highest thought in all this selection, but it touches the heart much less than Albert Bigelow Paine's "Dream of the Sea" and "When the Sunflowers Bloom." The yearning for the sea fills the soul of the prairie-born, and the homesick longing of the Kansas absentee when the "gold array" is flung over our precious habitat is in the best of our blood.

This anthology, besides the specific poems, features fifty sentiments about the state from as many Kansas writers of more or less distinction. And though a six-line poem was solicited, a few prose brevities came in. The best of these is Charles F. Scott's "Kansas is the nation's experiment farm. If ideas fail here the experiment is carried no further," which brings a question with a smile, recalling the strange things we have been through in our self-confidence. Noble Prentiss, who simply had to drop into line and meter sometimes, gives the lilt of our thematic song which one loves to keep in his thought beside William Blake's "Ah! Sunflower!" and VanDyke's portrait of himself with the "flower of flowers" in his hand; and thus perhaps all unaware links us with the masters:

Child of the grassy plain,
Facing the day,
Blooming in sun and rain,
Evermore gay.
Coming the first to bless
Wide-spreading wilderness,
Flaunting and free.
Coming in Power,
Kansas is like to thee,
Sunflower!

And like the sunflower motif, the tale of the Kansas Academy of Language and Literature is part and parcel of our literary life. Just how far its personnel and ideals have entered into our present attainment cannot be estimated. In the early spring of 1904 the executive committee sent each member a notice that "owing to circumstances over which it had no control," there would henceforth be no meeting. Henceforth it was an association that had walked in high places and was not. But without defining the many factors that entered into thought-movements, the waves go on. The Kansas Authors Club, centered at Topeka, and attracting "all sorts and conditions" has now reached its thirty-seventh year. In 1914 the anthology *Sunflowers*, edited by Willard Wattles and Esther M. Clark, appeared. It includes many poems of their own as the leading poets of their period, the latter's "Call of Kansas," having since proved the most popular. Many poems of former times are included in the selection, and a second edition marks it as the only one among Kansas anthologies to have been reprinted.

Thirteen years later *Contemporary Kansas Poetry* appeared, selected by Helen Rhoda Hoopes of the University of Kansas English faculty. Many of the poems had been published in *The Harp*, where the Kansas quality found fresh impetus among nation-wide contributions. Miss Hoopes' work established the passage of "Kansas Literature" into "Kansas IN Literature." In other words, we had arrived. We have a sixth compilation in a

series of state anthologies, brought out in 1937, whose value lies mostly in a rather complete list of well-known periodicals to which leading authors have contributed. Published by Henry Harrison, New York City, it is edited as ably as possible by May Williams Ward, considering the commercial limitations of the project. All these ventures have had their day and have taken their own place. Do we not "build the ladders by which we rise?"

Groups of poets and solitary singers all over the state are finding new inspirations and techniques, and the present decade has produced the Poetry Society of Kansas, which has much of the old Academy character. Membership requires a certain quality and attainment, in addition to payment of the nominal fees, and the association is small enough for intimacy and large enough to insure continued growth. Half a dozen names on its roster have reached the vantage of the Poetry Society of America, one of them at least having her volume of selected poems on the shelves of its library. In all these various affiliations "our lines go out through all the earth." Whatever the judgment of time may be, the spirit of the early Kansas day will always enter into our fresh expression. "O life, O poetry; for poetry is life, and life is poetry."

LITTLE BROWN COT

LAWRENCE, KANSAS

OCT. 20, 1940

VI

In Regard to Eugene Lee-Hamilton

To Roscoe Meade, Attorney,
Rozecranz, Oklahoma

VI

MY DEAR MR. MEADE:

Thank you so very much for your appreciation of my *Sincerely Yours*. Dubbing yourself "Inquiring Stranger" is all very well, but through the alchemy of reading the book and writing your letter, you have become my Inspiring Friend.

Your interest in Eugene Lee-Hamilton stands alone among the many fine comments on the poems included in my volume. The sonnet written for him is a good sonnet, as he himself declared, but no one else has expressed the desire to discover what I may have known about the man and his work. And that you feel I can give you details you have been waiting for so long is a very special pleasure to me.

My own feeling, like yours, was awakened through happy chance. While it was the whole small book of *Imaginary Sonnets* that appealed to you, it was several of Eugene Lee-Hamilton's selections in a poetry magazine that fascinated me. There was a brief note on the poet's life and distinctive standing among the English poets of the period, and also a halftone engraving showing him as he appeared upon the wheeled couch in a bondage so much longer than Heinrich Heine's better-known "Maiden's Grave."

This was in the fall of 1889. The larger world had begun to encourage me in my earlier ambition for some adequate expression in the Petrarchan stanza. I was fully determined to devote myself to authentic verse and to overcome every handicap. The spirit I found in his imprisoned life and its achievement urged me to write to him, realizing in my young Western way, indeed, the distance between us. But I had my Omar and my Emerson, "the vine had struck a fibre" oriental-fashion, and the same force that reaches "from the Andes to the cape" in the New England

"Bacchus," might well connect me with this English poet, who, like Browning, was filled and thrilled with Italy.

Imagine my pleasure when I found later on that Browning and his sister, Sarah, were intimate friends of Lee-Hamilton's half-sister, Violet Paget, known among the English essayists of the time as Vernon Lee, a brilliant interpreter of Florentine art. "Scarcely an author or artist of note comes to Florence," he wrote me, "who does not seek us out, here in our Florentine garden." This was some years later, when his malady permitted more freedom. When my first missive reached him, he could read no word of any sort, himself, and the strain of listening was such that he could only endure a brief sentence at a time. Yet he had produced two or three notable books of verse, composing his poignant lines with no ordinary possibility of revision, dictating each stanza as he had strength, and so very gradually making progress.

The marvel of creative power in such apparently hopeless bondage had, however, the advantage of fortunate birth and education. He had spent much time in Europe in his formative years, becoming an efficient linguist, and his own bent, with the family ideals, had prepared him at Oxford for diplomatic service. He had won distinction in France during the Franco-Prussian war, spending himself far too much for his chief and his government.

After his transfer to the embassy in Spain, his further advancement was suddenly precluded by the tragic stroke which held him for twenty years to the wheeled bed. I have before me now a picture of it in the old magazine illustration, and a water-color sketch that one of his friends made especially for me, there at the Villa Palmerino, so long the family home; a glimpse of the bed appears in the ensemble of the water-color, but without the fine white collie dog which gives so warm a touch to the half-tone print. The poet's recumbent form, with the noble head and exquisite hands, somehow makes the invalid couch with its

Roman-striped covering a minor part of the composition. Such a personality has no prison. Besides these pictures I have the memory-painting that, eight years after my thought first went out to him, came to me in the flesh.

During the period of diplomatic service, he had cultivated his feeling for all good poetry, and he had enjoyed as a *divertissement* a pronounced facility for rhythmical expression. This naturally became his "Picciola" in his great need, the Prisoner of Fenestrelle's flower which he pictured in a poem from his *Imaginary Sonnets*:

Thou art the murmurous woods, the wavering corn,
The seeded grass where babbling streamlets run,
The rosary of dew-drops on the thorn;
Thou art all Nature, with her charms each one,
When least expected, suddenly new-born
In this dull cell, to fill my heart with sun.

The devotion of his mother and stepfather and their gifted daughter was equally important. There were ample means for such mitigation of his suffering as money could bring, and the ever-growing circle of understanding eminent friends. One would bring another. The French Paul Bourget one day introduced our American Edith Wharton, at the zenith of her fame, one of whose sonnets had greatly attracted him. She recalls her visit in her *A Backward Glance*. Also, people wrote to him, even as I, but I have had no word of a more valued friendship.

His reply to my letter was so responsive in its very few richly laden words that I wrote the sonnet which has brought your inquiry. Coming out, as it did, from my early effort, it is copied here for the sake of his response which in due time came back to me inscribed on the fly-leaf of a beautiful little copy of William Sharpe's *Sonnets of This Century*, which, with its invaluable introduction, has lighted all my sonneteering way:

IMPRISONMENT. (For Eugene Lee-Hamilton.)

As when a poet-prisoner whose dark cell
 Shuts out all common pleasures with the day,
 Beholds a light which turns his thoughts away
 To that wide realm where utmost visions dwell,
 And in the utmost freedom learns to spell
 The syllables that teach us to obey
 The higher law beneath whose perfect sway
 We find our liberty, august, immutable.
 So in the sonnet's sacrificial space
 A new effulgence to the soul reveals
 The rightful secret to transcendent power,
 And in its glory yields its wonderous grace
 Of that rare force which spherulic music feels
 In harmony with every budding flower.

Imagine my measureless delight when he found in this nascent creative power "that singular maturity of thought and expression that indicates the possession of inborn poetical ability." Needless to say that its immaturity did not impress me then as it does today compared with his "To Florence Snow," which he included later in his *Wingless Hours*, with the closing line changed to "And where the wingless hours crawl sad and slow." I never told him how particular I was, and always should be, in regard to my middle initial L, for "Lydia," my mother, and far back of beyond, for "Lydia," the seller of purple:

I send these berries that in sweet woods grew;
 Small crimson crans on which has slept the deer;
 Spiked red-drop't butcher's-broom, the bare foot's fear;
 Blueberries of the whortle, wet with dew.

And gummy berries of the tragic yew;
 And mistletoes, each bead a waxen tear;
 And ripe blue sloes that mark a frosty year;
 And hips and haws from lanes that Keats once knew.

I know not if the berries of the West
Are such as those of Europe; but I know
That Kansas breeds a flower, which, unguessed,
Can climb up prison walls and gently grow
Through prison bars where suffering has its nest,
And that this flower's name is Florence Snow.

He nearly always wrote his sonnets in this form. And this selection is especially happy for his chosen themes and mode of thought, finding its highest power in the last group he ever wrote, "Mimi Bimi, In Memory of a Little Life," a threnody which has taken its place among the few outstanding poems of that type. More of this in its own place in my narrative.

Reading, since I could remember, every good thing that came my way, with, alas, far too much of mediocre and worse, I had not failed in my poetical ambition to be impressed with the magic in enduring prose. My college magazine had borne frequent witness to my reachings in both directions. Rewarding my efforts, so unusual an editor as Edward Bok, then with the *Brooklyn Magazine*, had printed and actually paid for a story in two parts called "The Slave's Daughters," amazingly romantic, and vastly encouraging. The interpretive essay-review of the period, however, appealed to me much more strongly than short fiction. In this form *The Commonwealth*, a very genuine well-built literary magazine in Denver, Colorado, gave me encouragement, using my verse also. It was their imprint of my sonnet on Victor Hugo which gained the recognition of Houghton-Mifflin's *Representative American Sonnets*, so fine a companion to this day of the Sharpe anthology.

My wonder and delight in the packet of autographed books which my new friend soon mailed to me, gave me a desire to share my treasure with all the world. The three volumes, so very English, encompassed me for a while with a many-colored mist. So deeply-rooted, so strange and beautiful, was this plant of prison-growth that bloomed and fruited in Apollo and

Marsyas, *The New Medusa*, and *Imaginary Sonnets*, the motif of this last collection having been suggested by Landor's *Imaginary Conversations*. In the course of the following year I wrote the article "A new Picciola," which promptly appeared in my hospitable *Commonwealth*, and I promptly mailed a copy to the Villa Palmerino. In my article I had attempted to suggest the marvelous material stored up in the poet's normal years, together with the almost incredible power developed in such physical restriction. What readers of your quality had so strongly felt in *Imaginary Sonnets*, I more fully appreciated through the correspondence and the books that had preceded this better-known volume.

Yet reading only this collection from time to time as you have done, any sympathetic reader, with no other data, must marvel at the remarkable objectivity of each "little picture, painted well" in the never-ceasing struggle against the author's tragic fate. Here is the record of a soul in variant but similar guise to these poetic portraits, that steadily maintained its inherent individuality, reaching back into its distinctive stores and finding a life philosophy in projecting a world peopled with creatures whose stories equaled or exceeded his own. In *Sonnets of the Wingless Hours*, which came out in 1904, one realizes the life on the wheeled couch much more subjectively. He was always too great an artist to rob the terrible element in the human record of its active procreative beauty. He is never morbid or consciously pathetic, and there are many courageous lines filled with the flowers and bird-songs of beneficent nature. The close touch with the tropical setting of his play "The Fountain of Youth" is significant, illustrating the special insight given the mind shut in upon itself; and through all his work the exquisite technique is a source of endless delight. If one could determine how he accomplished it, depending only upon the perfectly finished lines, he could also tell how Guido painted the *Aurora* or Beethoven composed the *Moonlight Sonata*.

I still am freshly amazed over the astonishing fact that, about the time my "Picciola" appeared via the *Commonwealth*, a certain physical improvement began to assert itself, and thereafter my Poet wrote me in his own hand, each letter showing definite progress. I had always dreamed of travelling abroad, and latterly of discovering all the treasures of Florence, Italy, the city whose name was also mine. Now I received from this home of Lee-Hamilton's soul especially selected photographs to help me visualize the Italy of so much rich genius. Many of these were hand-colored; one of them, the Cathedral of Saint Mark, has never left my study wall, always recalling the donor's phrase, "Even silver-prints make the splendid buildings look so black." You can imagine how these pictures impressed my little circumscribed Kansas town, where opportunities were few for contact with the cultures of foreign lands.

Yet in the wonder of writing so much more freely, all I could do, in return was to reply to his descriptions and generous gifts by telling him about the life we lived in the bend of the Neosho River. He thought that Neosho Falls was a most musical name for my habitat, and that the New England atmosphere inherited from the first settlers must have given me some touch of Emersonian power. I told him about my Baker University with its devoted Methodism, so incomprehensible to a man like him, who had little sense of Christianity as it has shaped and informed the modern world, and next to no comprehension of Christian experience. As time progressed we exchanged some very pertinent passages in regard to our radically different ideals.

But with all our differences, I dared believe that the bond between us was as helpful to him as it was to me. I told him how it had been my father's plan to send me to some notable Eastern school, but how glad I was to postpone the privilege for a winter in Washington with James Harlan, my mother's only brother, and Father's dearest friend since their early youth. The next year brought failing health to the indulgent head of

our house, and in two more he had passed on. Always I had improved my fringes of time. I still should study, I still must write, but the work must now be done as I carried on in partnership with my efficient brother-in-law the business that made our living. In addition there were the responsibilities in the home, where mother was a semi-invalid and sister Emily a beloved care and complement to us both. He found in us, he wrote, a new meaning to the good old word "gentlewoman," and he thought he would like immensely the old brick house, though its fifty years of service were but a day as compared with the old English places he knew. The pressed leaves and flowers I slipped into my letters suggested to him this "fascinating America."

For a long time I had been writing a sonnet-sequence called "The Lamp of Gold," suggested by a reference in Hawthorne's *Marble Faun* to the seven-branched candlestick, looted from the temple at Jerusalem and lost in the Tiber river. It was an ambitious endeavor concerned with creative power as expressed in the typical poet. I do not remember whether I submitted any part of the work to Lee-Hamilton. I believe I was determined to have it all completely my own, and that I also hesitated to ask for any time and effort when he needed every least bit of strength in the terribly slow but apparently sure recovery he was making. There was now in the fall of 1895 the tremendous news that the cerebro-spinal bondage had really loosened its hold, and little by little he had almost achieved a normal activity. How heavenly happy I was to welcome this miracle along with the actual fact that through my best of literary friends, Thomas Emmet Dewey, my book had found its publisher.

Almost beyond belief it was that he actually read the forty-nine sonnets and so highly commended them that he secured some prominent English recognition which made a rare accent in the appreciation d'estime here at home. That was also a notable year for me because I was the presiding officer at the annual meeting of the Kansas Academy of Language and Literature.

Then in the early summer of 1897 came the crowning sensation of all the opportunities that had so graciously been given to me. Eugene Lee-Hamilton, notable English poet, who had been raised from his physical death-in-life, was coming to Toronto, Canada, with some friends who were interested in an international scientific convention, and he would gratify an always-cherished desire to see something of America. He would come directly from Niagara Falls, which he would naturally visit, to Neosho Falls, "vastly more important." Time hurries by, even when it seems to go slowly, and we three women had much consultation in regard to entertaining the distinguished guest, trying to ignore the fact that the latter part of August, while sometimes pleasantly cool in our delightful Kansas, would probably be, in our special need, insufferably hot. "If consonant with our convenience, he would remain a week and a day, wiring ahead the date of arrival." We had no great misgivings. Our home had always been another word for simple hospitality. We had always found the most distinguished guests the most appreciative, and so came our unique moment.

All things were ready. Lydia Sain, my married sister's daughter, who with her younger sister had the tag-end of their college vacation, would be doing my office work to set me free. The house was arranged for its utmost comfort. Our best, most characteristic menus were all reconsidered. Initial foods were well prepared, and everything was as palpitant as the really delightful morning. The trip was made over the Santa Fe, which we tapped at Colony by way of a branch line. I went to meet the Poet, an envoy to welcome royalty, in my simple shirt-waist dress of buff chambray and broad white Milan-braid hat.

The long prosaic train pulled in. Out came the porter with a huge British portmanteau. The conductor stood at the step in official importance. Then came the rarest personality that my long life has ever known. His bodily presence was rather stocky and ordinary in gray tweed, perfectly-fitted, travel-easy clothes,

a black bowler hat over iron-gray hair, and eager eyes that illumined the face so very like my mental pictures.

Walking across the platform, laughing heartily at the nickname of our accommodation train, "Old Jerky," he moved almost as easily as any man of his age and size. His response to my introduction to conductor and brakeman, good friends and neighbors so evidently anxious to serve and welcome him, was the democratic greeting of the born aristocrat. After forty minutes' talk of the American progress, the mighty Niagara, the members of the Toronto meeting, outstanding nationals he had met, scientific and otherwise, New York, Chicago, Kansas City, myself hardly knowing if I were I, we entered the hotel hack, and arrived at home. The lovely old maples that bordered our lawn brought his instant appreciation. The broad stone steps and the shaded porch, with Mother and Emily in their cool summer dresses, made a "delightful picture," in his phrase, as we covered the brick walk from the rather ornate gate in the white picket fence. So tenderly he said to Mother, "How beautiful is this beautiful place, it is not a wheel-bed." And to Emily, remembering what I had written time and again about her deafness and expert speech-reading, "This is the picture I have long had in my heart."

Our quaint old chore-man, living near by, had meantime carried up the baggage, and when I took our so evidently happy visitor to his room, I was immediately relieved, after regretting our lack of modern conveniences, at the assurance that his collapsible "bahth" was in the young trunk, and that he needed no service, his greatest joy being looking after himself. I looked after myself, getting into a fresh dress to fit the better into the impression Mother and Emily had made, and then helping with the Maryland-fried-chicken supper which proved that just our common way of life, with its few enhancing touches, would be most pleasing to Lee-Hamilton as well as memorable to ourselves. During the entire visit he often expressed his poetic-practical pleasure in his "gentlewomen" phrase for our way of living, hardly

believing that it was really typical of the middle-west America; and this usually brought on much discussion of racial inheritance in the development of the pioneer, forever pushing to the West.

And so the fleeting days and nights passed by, all of us eating and sleeping well, filled with unbroken happiness whatever came. He found the wide porches, front, side, and back, and the "garden," as he called the big yard, very thoroughly to his liking, though such a far cry from his varied old-world acquaintance. The shrubbery and flowers and islands of shade, with books from my shelves and his various writing-pads, filled the small spaces when one or maybe all of us could not be with him. But mostly the hours in the home-place were filled with the natural interchange of thought and feeling, with its constantly recurring delight in our amazing differences and our quick understandings. The early mornings and evenings were devoted to drives in the family phaeton which formed the Victorian half of our "horse and buggy" combination, a very steady yet spirited brown mare supplying the locomotion. Out beyond the farm homes around the town we found the rolling prairie decorated at this time of year with purple "gay-feather," white "farewell-summer," and the mystical "choke-cherry," under the blue Kansas sky of which the sensitive poet never wearied of saying, "So high, so high, higher than all the breadth makes you imagine." Along our creeks and draws, as well as by the river, he never ceased to marvel at the many kinds of trees, set like a "miracle in the open country before anybody came to plant such things in the universal love of trees and shade."

One very special day, before the heat came on, we drove over to Iola to spend the time until twilight with the Charles F. Scotts. Here there was fresh appeal in our "Jayhawker" significance, Mr. Scott being, in his editorial prominence and his growing power in national as well as state politics, a treasury of authentic information. It was all very "gracious and spacious," the comfort and the beauty, the industries and ideals for which these people stood.

Not much was spoken in words as we came home; we had very soon found that we had that proof of friendship, the joy of keeping silence together. And I was thinking of other people I wanted him to meet, if only for a moment, other contacts in the human interest that meant so much to me. And, much more important, our "other family," the older sister and her husband, always the thoughtful son and brother, and the two college girls who were endlessly fascinated with our foreign visitor, must have one full occasion with us. And the time was growing very short.

Naturally, pre-eminently, we two used every possible interval for a continual discussion of all artistic creation in general and his own work in particular, my own poems finding an exquisite consideration that no one else has ever given me. I have never ceased to wonder why the mystic spark in me has not been more responsive under such signal influence. He felt very deeply the values in powerful prose and told me how he intended to work out a conception of Shelley's idea of Ezzelin,

Son and mother, Death and Sin,
Played at dice for Ezzelin,
Until Death cried "I win, I win."

The book appeared five years later under the title *The Lord of the Dark Red Star* and was well received as the author's only novel. It gave certain slants upon his experience and attitudes, but through a misconception of his publisher, added little, if anything, to his previous standing.

He had with him the proof of a translation he had made of the *Divine Comedy*, which was, in his thought, a more idiomatic and easily read version than the works then available. The hours we spent with that I never shall forget. Of the three metrical arrangements which Dante had used at will, Lee-Hamilton had selected the first, or Terzina, in its groups of three, and the third, which he believed especially effective in the iambic line with its feminine ending. The result was almost unbelievably beautiful

in the voice that held so much of the native Old England and the foster-mother, Italy. When he paused for some of the notes, so inherently luminous because he had written them for his own use, I knew why I had kept saying to myself of the actual Lee-Hamilton, as the Florentines had said of Dante, "This is the man who has been in hell." Not otherwise could he have his exceeding joy in being alive and well and making up to himself for those years of unutterable deprivation.

Then suddenly, in the way things have, the visit was over. We had "been living before" and "would be living after." Ordinary routines asserted themselves. We had "seen Shelley plain" and it could never be forgotten. Lee-Hamilton went directly to New York, where he met a number of American literary friends after spending a day at Newport with Edith Wharton, who I am sure found him more than ever in his restoration the "delightful raconteur" of the Florentine meeting. Our letters henceforth had the advantage of our intimate days together, yet because of the everlasting unknown element in all human relations, his writing me of his marriage, late in the following year, was a complete surprise. In all my thought of him, even in the light of the great visit, marriage had seemed for him a thing utterly apart. He often spoke in those full days of various women friends. His books of poems had been dedicated to chosen ones among them, but in all our discussions of his future plans there was no intimation of possible wifely companionship. The chosen lady was a successful Scotch novelist, Annie E. Holdsworth, and he sent me her latest book, *The Years That the Locust Hath Eaten*, which I thought a good piece of work with an attractive scriptural title, but not especially memorable. The *Forest Notes*, written by the two of them as a honeymoon experience, appearing in 1899, gave me in her poems some impressions of the qualities that would appeal to him, while his own expression of joy was rather a "light and lovely lute" set free to interpret "the little velvet-coated creatures of the wood." And one personal reference to "Kansas

woods a year ago today" pictures one of our gray squirrels, "a silver flash, . . . up maple leaping."

Another year, and a girl-child was born whom they named Persis, and I wondered if there were some inexplicable feeling for the Persis mentioned in one of the Pauline Letters in greeting and commitment to the Most High. Two years, and "Mimma Bella," Italian for "Beautiful Baby," died in the beloved Florentine home where "God's Messenger" of one of the sonnets taught Lee-Hamilton in his extremity some personal sense of the divine power which "giveth and taketh away" the soul of a little child. In James Whitcomb Riley's poignant phrase, "I, who have no child," grieved with him, sought to console him, but after a while he wrote me no more. The group of sonnets for "Mimma Bella" appeared in 1907, the bereaved father having been stricken with paralysis the previous year. His passing gave him barely time to look over the proofs of the exquisite elegy which illumines the enduring thought in the body of his verse. At the last he says:

What alchemy is thine O little Child,
Transmuting all our thoughts, thou that art dead,
And making gold of all the dross of lead
That leaves the soul's pure crucible defiled;

A vaporous gold, which I would fain have piled
Upon my palette, and with light brush spread
On death's dark background, that thy baby head
Might wear a nimbus where the angels smiled?

Thus had I given back what thou hast wrought
In thy own soul, and placed thee high among
The cherubs that are aureoled in glow;

Rimming thy brow with fine red gold of thought,
In such fair pictures as the English tongue
Shrines in its sanctuaries while the ages flow.

The precious grave, he wrote, was very near that of Mrs. Browning in the Florentine Protestant Cemetery. Here, too, the earthly clay of Eugene Lee-Hamilton lies, after the fashion com-

mon to us all, beneath the stone that bears his name. He was only sixty-one, and here am I at seventy-nine, still in my beautiful Kansas, well and happy, still "seeking a country" and not regretting that "I ne'er have been to Carcassonne."

You will not think that I am a garrulous old woman? I have been wanting to outline this "stranger than fiction" story for a very long time, and who am I to decide if you are getting more than you fancied?

LITTLE BROWN COT

LAWRENCE, KANSAS

OCTOBER, 1940

VII

Daily Due

To Charlotte Conkright Kinney,
Baldwin, Kansas

Flower and fruit
From Beauty's root,
Then the winged seed.
Each a multiplied recruit
For the world's sad need.

VII

DEAR CHARLOTTE:

I can never thank you enough for the criticism and appreciation you have given my memoirs. How fortunate it is that we found each other during our contributions to *The Christian*, and that our "thought leaps out to meet with thought" still through the years "ere thought can wed with speech."

Much younger than I, you have had many opportunities for training and expression in your painting and writing that could never come to me. Yet you have often told me that I had something that you wanted, and this, in itself, has been a very great incentive.

I am now sending you the last chapter but one of my "continued story," and I have inscribed it to you because out of your rare experience at home and abroad you have been so interested in the atmosphere of Neosho Falls. Needless to say, I shall await your reaction with unusual eagerness. When you come back from this last adventure to "The Cedars," into the quiet and rest of the old homeplace, we shall talk around the world and back again, and again give increasing thanks, all after our usual habit. How wonderful it will be once more to have only the fifteen miles to cover!

Meantime, we shall always reflect that letters are perhaps more essential than all the other arts. Emerson knew:

Every day brings a ship,
Every ship brings a letter:
Well for him who has no fear,
Gazing seaward well assured
That the word the letter brings
Is the word he wants to hear.

Neosho Falls, Woodson County, Kansas, during the first two decades of the current century, was one of those small towns that

through fifty years retains the pioneer idea of expansion, but continues to get along very well without any surpassing attainment. What we call monotony of life in such a town is likely to appear much more despicable to visitors from the lively places than to the folk who have grown to maturity in the accustomed atmosphere. We got about to the neighboring larger places, and some of us made far journeys. One favored couple had attended the Centennial in 1876. I had gone, through a special gift of the gods, for a winter in Washington, D. C., back in 1885, and had been one of several who "took in" the Columbian Exposition in 1893, my soaring ambition giving me three happy weeks all by myself. And really our town had made a fair record. There had been the "Katy" railway boom back in the 'seventies, and there was the colorful fight to retain the county seat, after which some of the finer residents of Neosho Falls removed to victorious Yates Center, to be near or to hold county offices. And no one could ever forget that amazing District Fair which had entertained the President of the United States and the First Lady. The statement made in recent times that Eleanor Roosevelt was the first president's wife to visit Kansas, is an error.

No other town in the whole region had as beautiful a location nor as wide graveled streets, streets that Charles F. Scott, from near-by Iola, asserted were "dry enough for satin slippers ten minutes after a hard rain." Furthermore, had not our two inexhaustible gravel pits made our cement sidewalks so cheaply possible, proving to the world that concrete and the heavier slab were entirely feasible in this climate? Some of our people were a bit slow in giving up the old yard fences, but their final disappearance made us look much more spacious and pushed along improvements on Main Street. The weathered stone building that from a very early day housed Bishop's Emporium below, and the big "bird-room," bed-room, and study of Colonel Stickney Goss above, now shared its honors with a new bank building, half-way down to the single-span iron bridge across the river. A block

farther along on the same shady side, there had been built after a fatal fire an ambitious replacement of the pioneer Clark's general store. The second-storey "town hall" was a loss that simply had to be remedied, as it had meant so many good things to the community. The new structure, built of our native stone and so much more commodious than the old landmark, was certainly a great achievement. The public-spirited women of the town had joined the Odd Fellows and Masons in underwriting the new "City Hall," with its big attractive stage for our local dramatics and outside shows. In covering the pledge of their organization, among the countless things they did to raise money they created an object of beauty that, so far as any of us has ever known, holds a world record.

No one among the few survivors remembers who had the big idea of making a state quilt. It is certain, however, that the leaders of the group had a rich color-sense coupled with unusual skill in fine stitchery, while the whole group was "of one accord." The American Quilt in its various aspects can never be fully defined in the development of American life. The silk Crazy Quilt was then at the height of its nation-wide vogue. This Kansas quilt must have an exact pattern, and there was a young lawyer in town, a forward-looking William Dickson, who made perfect plats of farms and town lots. He could produce a map of the state drawn to quilt size which could be copied in new silk so that it would wear well, with the various counties shown in different but harmonious colors. The picture was completed with a four-inch embroidered seal in smoothest satin-stitch against the seven-inch border of living-green. The materials could be had by mail at Marshall Field's in Chicago. How lovely the splendid work would be! Gold bullion stars against the Kansas-blue sky, and the plowman strong and dark against the flushed horizon!

In the process of time the wonder came to pass. Patient Mr. Dickson's magic pantograph secured the enlargement of the map on sheets of manila paper pasted together. It was then cut along

the county lines, the blocks first being numbered and a list made for reference and direction. Then, with an ordinary map constantly before them, the ladies worked on to the finish, stitch by stitch, day by devoted day. The blocks carefully cut out found their places like Solomon's temple stones, or like notes in a symphony, irrevocably joined together. The rivers were outlined in bright blue silk floss, and the railroads in enduring gold thread. Then with an interlayer of cotton-wadding tacked to soft muslin, it was lined with sunflower-yellow satin. Hidden loops were placed at the top for hanging and it was ready for the Fair the next fall. The marvel and the joy of every beholder, it was the common remark that it was too bad it had not been made in '79, when it could have been presented to Lucy Webb Hayes. Another president's wife might never have so near a chance at so rare a thing.

Many thought it ought to be preserved in a glass case by the State Historical Society, and it may have gone to the State Fair once or twice. There is no record remaining of the cost of the material. Even at current prices the outlay must have been considerable. The impression remains with me that selling "chances" in all the region around covered the outlay. And it is also told that the prominent and prosperous W. J. Haughawout induced two other generous men to join him in giving the city hall fund an even hundred dollars for it. The story also goes that in the new Haughawout home in California the quilt was no longer a quilt, but a unique wall-hanging. And beyond that no deponent sayeth anything.

On gray days we are fond of saying, "Somewhere the sun is shining," and this potent fact makes the small town, like the low-toned picture, very much worth while. The small town has its class as well as its classes, and we did not fail to enjoy our own distinctions. Summer and winter, springtime and harvest, came in rhythmic succession. There were all sorts of things for each family to do for the common good, along with making the common living. "Fairhavens," as we called our second home, New

England built and Kansas modified, was a thoroughly satisfactory house for our needs. I spent much of my spare time in trying to write, while Emily, who had some musical ability in spite of her deafness, studied both voice and piano. Mother affectionately watched over us both.

In 1890 there came to town, from Oskaloosa, Iowa, a young boy who was to become our nationally known contribution to the wide world. One of a large family, he was a dark slender lad, showing a strain of French blood. His father, Dr. A. J. Lieurance, a good physician for the time and place, had purchased the one drug store where he hoped some of the children might help along with the trade. But this Thurlow and his brothers were "crazy about music," especially the type produced by the brasses. They could play almost any kind of instrument, having been taught by their Uncle Calvin Lieurance, the latter of unknown schooling if any. A "born leader," Thurlow soon organized a band in high school, our home entertainments took on a much more musical character, and Thurlow decided he should be a pianist. We had a pianist in the town, of whom Dr. Thurlow Lieurance recently said, "How precious she was! She went on playing like a regular concert when we boys gathered under her window on summer nights to hear her just playing for herself, never letting on, except to give us the fine things she knew we liked." It followed that this understanding heart gave him the best instruction she possibly could, which has inspired him through all the subsequent years. His great opportunity arrived in the Spanish-American war. A far-sighted Methodist pastor said, "Thurlow, take your trumpet and enlist. We never win our wars without the music of the bands." Still in his teens, and consulting no one, he pawned the gold watch his father had given him on his high school graduation day just past, and joined the colors. It did not seem long until we heard that Governor Leedy had made him Music-master of the 22nd Kansas Infantry. In due season the "22nd Kansas

"U. S. V. I. March" was written and inscribed to General Mark W. Sheafe, a publisher was found, and his career was begun.

The boys were mustered out without any fighting, but the music brought its own victories. Thurlow had crossed the country to the Presidio and looked across the vast reaches of the Pacific Ocean. With the four hundred dollars he had earned, he went to Cincinnati and studied under Herman Bellstadt, famous cornetist and bandmaster. A short engagement with the St. Louis Opera Company followed. The next summer he suffered an accident on his father's farm which forced him to carry a stout cane the rest of his life. Shut in all the following winter, he learned the depth and breadth of small-town kindness, and it was given me to turn his thoughts toward the deathless songs of the master-poets. I carried to him short, compelling poems that might be set to music, that in themselves went beyond music; and I worked through an original song with him, knowing nothing of musical technique, fitting words to his notes as he played them time after time on the old Estey organ. We finally produced a piece called "Falling Leaves," and it is now a museum-piece in the collection of his early work at the State University of Minnesota, his first published song.

Organizing and leading bands and continually composing in the various themes and tones that appealed to him, he became popular in Neosho Falls and the neighboring communities of Iola, Fredonia, Chanute, Cherryvale, and Humboldt. Finally, his work reached the *Etude*, to which he has been a constant contributor through the prolific years. It was through his brother, Dr. Edward Lieurance, up in Montana at the Crow agency, that he made his "lucky strike," as he calls it. Winning the confidence of Chief Sitting Eagle, he made transcriptions of the Indian music and entered upon a long connection with the Smithsonian Institution, for which he made hundreds of records. His Indian lore and compositions have ranked him meanwhile with Cadmon and

Skilton in this field. Indeed, both of these older authorities have said that Lieurance has been a tremendous inspiration to them.

He may talk about "Lady Luck," but he has been an indefatigable worker in the essentials that bring success. In 1924 he was given the honorary degree of Doctor of Music by the College of Music, Cincinnati, Ohio, and he has served as Dean of Fine Arts in the Universities of Minnesota and Wisconsin. He now occupies that position in the Municipal University, Wichita, Kansas, his wife (Edna Woolley, coloratura soprano) being head of the Voice Department. Her interpretations of the Indian spirit in music are exceedingly happy, and her rendition of "By the Waters of Minnetonka," the most widely sung of all Lieurance's Indian songs, is especially notable. Happily enough, the words for this song were written at Chanute, Kansas, by Methodist-preacher J. M. Cavaness, who knew "next to nothing," as he said, about Indian expression, but who "did get the feel of Thurlow's flute." And this song in its half-dozen arrangements is perhaps typical of the composer's astonishing versatility. During the popularity of the Chautauqua educational idea through the country, his knowledge of operatic and symphonic orchestration, together with his "born showmanship," made him, through the Horner-Redpath Lyceum Company, a widely desirable musical director. Since returning to Kansas in 1936 he has been prolific in colorful productions of purely poetic tendency: "Minesa" ("Red Waters at Sunset"), "Trails Southwest," "Conquistador," and "Musical Horizons." A summer in Fontainebleau, France, by way of the Presser award for "Minesa" inspired "Paris Sketches" and many other related themes. In 1937 he received the homage of Southeast Kansas at a special festival in Fredonia, where he had organized his first band twenty-six years before. Eager crowds gathered from those small towns where he had begun his career. Selected Lieurance compositions, rendered by the best talent in the whole region, with the highest lights of the program under his famous baton, made a unique cultural landmark in our state.

While this individual story unfolded itself, Neosho Falls went on after its accustomed habit, glad of the good things our people might do at home and abroad, or sad for those in sorrow. There were daylight and dark and daylight again, hard work and good fun, the turn of the seasons, that with recurrent floods or drouth decided the fortunes of the town. With its changes in personnel, it was a good life with plenty to eat and wear and always something to spare. The twentieth century established itself quietly, as centuries do, despite the weight of the ages. There came natural gas for fuel and light, then electricity, the telephone, the movie, the victrola, and the automobile. J. Bishop, veteran merchant, had the first car in town and, as soon as might be, took each of our shut-ins for his or her first ride. And the first farmer who drove his eager Ford began at once to talk Better Roads.

At "Fairhavens" we were more and more sensible of our part-and-parcel place. We were fortunate in many ways and especially in the "other family," as we constantly referred to the Ella M. and W. W. Sains. Back in "Rockland Home" on the river, this eldest of our flock was most happily married. Two daughters, Lydia and Jane, named for the two grandmothers, arrived in due time, and progressed towards a womanhood that I hope to extol some day with adequate appreciation. For the present there is no brief phrase for the three of them but the Hebrew Poet's "price above rubies." The family of four had lived continuously "down town," while we were on the southwest edge of it where we had the ever-changing view of the open spaces and the sky. Yet they were near enough to be devoted neighbors. The son and brother had always been a mainstay in the community, and after Father's death the firm of Sain and Snow had been established in a modest banking business, which provided the family income.

Among our cultural advantages during those years was the Ottawa Chautauqua, only sixty miles away. The very best talent in the American Lyceum system not only could be heard,

but could be shaken by the hand. Often even more desirable, one came to know in the tented city under the trees, beside the historic Marais des Cygnes, notable citizens from the eastern part of the state, and sometimes from the farther distances. There were ample recreation and endless good fellowship, but perhaps I valued most the service given to art appreciation by Mrs. Kate Aplington of Council Grove, where still remains the Council Oak of early Indian times. A genuine artist, finely trained in her former Eastern home, she was the pioneer who, through the women's clubs, had established the state loan library of pictures, which contained the best current reproductions of the old masters. Exhibits followed at Forest Park during the Annual Assembly, featuring outstanding original work as well as the color-prints of world masterpieces, and helping us to learn that "one good picture is worth ten thousand words."

The spring of 1904, however, emphasized my church work rather than my writing or my general interest in painting. The South Kansas Methodist Conference elected me as a delegate to the general conference of my church, meeting at Los Angeles. The meeting covered four weeks of time; all expenses were paid; and the personnel came from all over the world. Moreover, this was the first time that women had been admitted to this august body, which made the honor more distinctive. Then I had for my companion, all the way through, Miss Viola Troutman, a high school teacher of English and general history at Topeka, her special church interest centering in foreign missions; and I dedicated to her the next winter a whole sheaf of poems in memory of our pleasant companionship.

A whole day at the Grand Canyon, on the way, the great colorful auditorium and the quadrennial convocation solemnly dedicated to the work of the Lord, were breath-taking, soul-lifting experiences. Following the session, which naturally took all such a tyro as I had to give, we had a few days at Long Beach, where I gazed and gazed at the wonder of the ocean and felt like

the poor old pauper who, on seeing its broad expanse for the first time, brokenly muttered, "Lord, I'm jes' so thankful there is somethin' there's enough uv."

As I had represented the Neosho Falls charge at many district conferences, leading pastors were very grateful to me for pointing the way toward greater cultural activities, and now a good report must follow. In my Baker experience I had learned how to talk a bit to an audience without being afraid of myself, the greatest bugaboo of all, and now I enjoyed the chances through the next year or so to tell what the great work meant to me and to our whole inter-related membership. Yet, as events proved, the best thing I did in my district group, and one or two others, was the presentation of a four-years' reading course in the great English and American masterpieces of fiction and poetry. I believed if it were read together with the four years of reading in theology required of those without seminary training, it would add immensely to their knowledge of creative writing. Also, it could not fail to stimulate creative thought and cultivate thoroughly good English. The reaction of my audiences induced me to write out my thesis, which was published in the *Methodist Review*. Another on "The Preacher and His English," in a later number, could still be read to advantage in various quarters, Methodist or otherwise.

It was about this time that we had in Neosho Falls a Methodist pastor and a few out-reaching members who felt the need of replacing the poor, shabby, little, old church with something more fitting the worth of the people, the period, and the worship of the Lord. The thought and the hope of a new building had been considered now and then, but each time the expense had proved too great for even a very modest structure. But now by the end of the year we had a considerable number of our members thinking about the significance of the rural church in the development of the whole country, and what our church would surely mean in enlarging our borders. The moment came when

our district superintendent at our quarterly meeting, knowing our possible means, our fiber, and the way our faith and courage would grow when the work was once begun, laid upon our trustees the far-reaching plan. We were especially fortunate in the chairman of the board, Lemuel W. Knotts, an unusually fine, thoroughly religious man, with a high-spirited devoted wife and a large growing family. He had been a successful mining executive in Chihuahua, Mexico, but for the sake of his children had come back to "God's country," selecting a small farm adjoining Neosho Falls for a settled home, handy to church and school, yet with ample room for his unusually active brood.

Mr. Knotts was naturally very promptly chosen to head the building committee and the whole enterprise. There were many doubts to remove, and fearsome giants to overcome. Our efficient pastor was compelled to resign and seek the Arizona atmosphere after a sudden break in his health, but the change we made provided certain elements that worked to our advantage. Definite plans once in hand, the sacred idea proved itself good seed in good ground. My pencil never drew so fine a sketch as the confident talks I made, and, as secretary of the committee, my suggestions were given the more consideration! Truman W. Gardner, cashier of the good old Neosho Falls Bank, was the logical treasurer and showed himself "a workman that needeth not to be ashamed." A good understanding architect was our first essential need. Then came the two leading questions: What should the project cost, and where should we build?

We felt we could be justified in spending five thousand dollars. Then the chosen architect came down from Emporia and the first blueprint was made. We had really begun. It was our dominant thought that the new house would not replace the old sanctuary. That had grown into the very life of our people, expressing so much sacrifice and devotion in the drama of the changing times. One could feel the power of its stark appearance inside and out. It had an immortal soul. So the

new church must be a modern adaptation of the old lines, modern in 1906! It should be a blossoming and fruitage of the rooted and grounded power, "the old order changing, yielding place to new."

The early Christians conceived the church home built on the lines of the ark of the covenant. American pioneers, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from the Far North to the Gulf of Mexico, built the simple rectangle with a roof-pitch determined by the climate. It is said that the Puritans deprived us of beauty for three hundred years, but that was perhaps not too great a price to pay for the beauty of holiness that can and does transform the greatest ugliness when we are given eyes to see. Always we were anxious, as the group of builders grew, to retain every essential quality in our past history. And it was finally decided to build on the old church ground, with its fine old trees for shade and shelter. Perhaps we would keep the old hitching rails marking the lot. But the automobiles soon altered that plan.

A change of pastors again, this time a matter of Methodist conference policy, brought at first thought a serious drawback. But it was again another proof of the soundness of general Methodist administration. A tall, thin, deliberate young man, L. B. Dobbs, slow of speech and very kindly in manner, with a deep assurance of his call to preach the gospel and recently graduated from Baker University, he had not yet had a charge that built a church. He had a keen, capable wife who felt that her call to pastoral work was just as authentic as his. They surprised us in many ways by their resourcefulness.

The countless meetings of the main committee now amaze me in looking over the old records which as secretary I faithfully kept. The time we gave and the patience we had could only have been secured through so wise a leader and the grace of God. Every unit in our organization was thoroughly alive to its importance in the ultimate success, and had the building never

come to pass, the dream was worth the effort for its results in character formation and acquaintance with God. With some few dissenting voices which we could well afford to overlook, the whole community was with us, the two other churches in hearty sympathy; and when the time arrived really to begin the work, our plan had taken to itself a seven-thousand-dollar aspect instead of the original figure. This amount also included furniture and fixtures, furnace, new organ, lights and carpets, all in keeping with the perfect simplicity which was the jewel for our setting. Such things run into money. All possible honor is due to the architect and contractor, men and brethren who gave so liberally out of their invaluable experience.

The decision came for the initial work in the early golden fall. The corn was not yet all gathered, but the wheat fields were ready for a bumper crop next year, and much labor-subscription was available. Breaking ground and digging the basement was a gala matter, with the Ladies' Aid serving lunches from neighboring homes, and school boys working on Saturdays. But before the old building was razed and the work begun, we had a farewell service that filled us with many sacred emotions, and membership and friends were "touched with a live coal from the altar," as our minister said. After my lifelong distaste for the many mischoices in this old building, I could not see why I should be so sorry to have it torn down. I thought of the many kinds of strange wallpaper I had seen on the walls through hundreds of services, and reflected what a good invention the stained-glass paper had been for small-church windows, until it began to peel off so distressingly. I wondered now how anybody thought the ancient hair-cloth sofa with its crude "early-sixty" frame, good walnut as it was, could be acceptably restored. And worst of all there were the huge oblong box stoves, "splendid heaters," one on either side in a recess left by the seating plan, the many joints of stove pipe ascending forever to the ceiling. At one side of the double-doored entrance was the familiar

bookcase which held the excellent Sunday School literature and our song books, *Beautiful Words* at this period. And by the other side hung the strong hemp rope which brought forth the lovely tones of our historic bell, in its appealing iteration and command, "Come to church, Come to church!" Who was I anyhow to have been permitted the bounty of this mercy seat? The place was just that and, like some people, it happened not to have the kind of looks I happened to like. Now it was about to pass suddenly away, and I was afraid I should weep.

The service was nearly over. The pastor and his wife, the building committee, and the chairmen of the organizations were all standing up about the altar railing, with everybody shaking hands and singing "Old Hundred" and the doxology. Two or three old saints broke forth in the old-fashioned joy of "Praise His Name!" and "Blessed be the Lord!" Then came a very lovely benediction, and we were ready for the task.

Very glad of the breathing space, I went up to Burlington to do some fall shopping. And after a successful day, as the returning train slowed into the junction five miles from home, a long heavy freight train plunged against our coach and hurled us through the corner of the station and into an ugly swale. Just an ordinary crossing, but there was a blunder at the switch, which caused three fatalities and injuries to thirty people. I saw the great black engine coming, felt the terrible crash, and then some time later I heard a voice very far away that sounded like Jo Caskey's, our old brakeman, saying, "Looks mighty hopeless." But the voice inside me said, "Surely God won't let me die when the church is just begun!" It took me most of the winter to recover, but it was mighty nice to hear all the expressions of thanksgiving and praise, and the belief that I still must stand by. Also there were the numerous letters sending contributions for the modern art-glass windows for which by common consent I had made myself responsible.

The eyes of the building could be as beautiful, within our simple plan, as an illuminated text, though so far away from a great artist's stained glass creation. The Gothic arch openings at either end of the auditorium were already paid for, the one being a memorial to James M. Cavaness, a former pastor, the other to bear the name of George C. Snow. The lunette in the choir loft, designed to glorify a small pipe organ some happy day, would be given in memory of an angel-child of Lemuel and Anita Knotts. Two or three other families had reserved windows in the Epworth League room, and the balance of the estimate was now coming in from all sorts and conditions of friends to whom I had written an eight-line poem asking the price of a flower to bloom in the windows of our sanctuary, instead of saving it till I was dead! And every one of the many responses was all the more valuable, now that the gifts were so redolent of pleasure for my extended lease of life.

By the first of March we were quite sure of the dedication by the middle of June, completing the symbolism of the cornerstone which had been laid with all due ceremony on Thanksgiving Day, one of those exquisite Indian summer days we Kansans think no other state ever fashions.

All the people who made the selections for the finishing and furnishing had worked with one accord. The two coats of best French gray paint with darker trim brought out the strength and beauty of the design, and the inside work, under a half dozen skillful men, attracted many visitors. The greenish-ivory tinted walls, with the yellow pine woodwork toned to the dark oak of the pews, chancel rail, altar and pulpit chairs, enclosed a spacious, oblong, old-idea meeting place, while the two halls, a delightful Epworth League room, a choir room and pastor's study completed our far-reaching plan.

And June 11, 1911, dawned upon us with that feeling in the air that belongs to a great occasion on a seemingly made-on-purpose day. Long before the hour of dedication eager groups,

Sunday-clad in summer fabrics, arrived at the spot which had for so many months been the center of our steadfast faith and sacred toil. The dream at last was reality, and it was the general verdict that it was a homelike church, a place where endless fine strong things might be carried on for anyone who had an open heart and mind as he entered the door, a place where specific services should be held in keeping with the Law of Life, going out through its infinite human ways.

I thought no neighborhood had ever produced so many perfect June roses, and that no committee's hands had ever arranged such masses of church flowers so perfectly as Mrs. Knotts and her Sunday School class, "The Senoritas." They had achieved the central note of simplicity in the lavish offerings from everybody. Precisely at the hour every seat had been taken. When the choir and C. S. Nusbaum, a singing evangelist we greatly loved, the pastor and the district superintendent, Thomas E. Chandler, took their places, the hush of the moment was an incense of emotion mingled with the breath of the flowers. With the first note the new organ seemed tuned from afar for just this expression, and the choir, selected from all the available talent in the entire locality, illumined the impressive ritual and led the congregation throughout the service in joyous "singing unto the Lord." I had been the author of a special hymn which Mr. Nusbaum used for the solo before the presentation. Using the tune of the gospel hymn, "Faith is the Victory," which had been our theme-song through all our efforts, this hymn began:

O Lord Most High, we come to thee
Thy purpose to fulfill,
So grateful and so glad to be
The creatures of thy will.

The second stanza carried on:

And day by day we've builded here
As thou hast given our need,
The love that casteth out all fear
Though hearts and hands may bleed.

The theme found its climax in:

O let this temple like a tower
Thy mercy-seat proclaim
And teach each soul that pleads thy power
The splendors of thy name.

And after each stanza the chorus rang out splendidly from the joyous congregation:

Coming, dear Lord, to thee,
Coming, dear Lord, to thee,
O glorious victory, we come, dear Lord, to thee.

The building was then presented at the hands of the trustees and the organization, free of all encumbrance, as our rules required, and solemnly dedicated, as long as it should stand, to the worship and the service of God. The sermon that followed, striking the note already sounded, was filled with gratulation and high assurance for the future. Then came the congregational acclaim "Praise God from whom all blessings flow" and the pastor's benediction. The "spirit that is life" had given us a very great and enduring aspiration.

But the day was not yet done. There followed a basket dinner in the basement which delighted the composite spirit of the Ladies' Aid. It gave even more satisfaction to the rising generation. The whole body was not quite sure, as we did full justice to the "generous board," that the basement, though the least beautiful, might not be the best part of the whole achievement.

And when the shadows lengthened the three ministers came to "Fair Havens" for a little while with Mother, such a rare picture of high endeavor as she sat in her wheel chair on the wide front porch. A few old friends who had come from neighboring towns for the dedication, dropped in, and Emily and I served strawberry ice-cream and angel-food cake. We rejoiced as we talked over the great event, in the "things that lie before," but saddened a little bit in "leaving the things that are behind."

Then through the gloaming came the call to evening service from the precious old bell in its brave new quarters. And Mother said we could never forget the old church any more than she could forget the devoted old circuit-rider in her childhood who came into the Harlan Settlement, Park County, Indiana, where "the groves were God's first temples."

LITTLE BROWN COT

LAWRENCE, KANSAS

JANUARY, 1941

VIII

Student-At-Large

To Private Charles M. Paxton,
Thirty-fifth Division, U. S. Army,
Camp Robinson, Arkansas

VIII

DEAR CHARLES:

It seems like a long time since the bands played and our Lawrence boys marched to the station from our Community Building to entrain amid the cheers of the crowd and the intimate farewells of the home and varsity groups. All this defense movement is so overwhelming in our American Way, so inexplicable, and so endless in its implications, a demand for faith and courage that we simply must understand.

I am so very glad to know that you are getting into the camp routine and spirit in the same sturdy force that has pleased us so much in these formative years. Your summer sessions of Home Guard work were finer preparation than we knew. And while it seems too bad, in one way, to give up your university course midway, the sacrifice enables you to give more efficient service in this world cause, just as the army training will make you a better student when you return.

In all my memories of the past decade, the thought of you will always be a special satisfaction. You came as a little lad into the house next door for your father's post-graduate work at the University. An only child, you seemed a bit lonely, and we discovered each other because you had found the marvel of the Spooner-Thayer Art Museum and evidently the heart, as well, of Miss Minnie Moodie, curator—and she was so warm a friend of mine. The good times slipped by with the college objective, but our friendship continued through your family letters, yourself writing pretty often for a boy who "had no gift that way."

Then suddenly here you were again, at eighteen, entering the University as an architecture major, running true to the strong artistic bent and practical force of your parentage. We wasted no time, the sharing of the countless things on the Hill being just then especially welcome to me. We belonged to the realm of

Big Ideas and hard work where nothing is impossible. Were not the rare science, great art and greater people all about us the best proof? In all my contacts with the splendid stuff of youth, I never have had such a circle as you gave me that meant so much.

And perhaps no one of any age was so much interested as you in the memoir that I have been slowly writing. Now that the last chapter has taken its final shape—or so I think!—I have addressed it to you. Carbon copy goes forward, perhaps appealing also to some of your buddies. Needless to say how I shall value their reaction. Nor how I shall hope to see you on your first leave. May it come soon.

Tell me when you write again what further you found in the Kipling and the Masfield I gave you. I enclose a *Star* picture of a terrible load of old books and magazines on their way to some camp. God grant that *terrible* is not the word!

Emily and I had never taken a long trip together, and my pleasure in my excursions was very much greater because she would always enjoy my sense of everything with no thought of any deprivation. She had been out to California with a party of good friends, and to the World's Fair at St. Louis in 1904 with another group. These trips had given her much keener pictures of the world and all that lies within than all I could ever tell about. And our mother was always so glad of any good thing that ever came to us, that, after she had gone on her long last journey, we accepted the urgent invitation to trek away into the vast Northwest to visit our brother at Eatonville, Washington, near Mount Tacoma, and our sister, Dr. Ann Turner, in Seattle, that fascinating city on its seven hills, with its Indian appellation and its treasured arts. The "Mountain that was God" has become Mount Rainier, honoring an English sea captain who never knew an Indian thought; but the poetical cognomen must, I believe, obtain forever.

I have often repeated how fully the mountain became our own as the typical Northwesterners gave us "the time of our lives." The year and a half was filled with rich and varied experience. And Emily, through it all, was another "Tacoma," so steadfast and colorful, so crowned with her own blessed snow. Yet I wrote little, though feeling all the time the worlds of possible topics. Now and then a bit of verse "came through," and I sent many letters about our travels to the *Iola Register* which, back in Kansas, many readers found much more than "merely photographic." Our second summer a course in the Short Story at the University of Washington proved invaluable to me in many ways, supplemented by my Sister Ann's inspiring fund of actual experiences and background.

The forces that "work together" decided our return to Neosho Falls, and in October, after such a golden time, we settled into the old way of life in the conviction that we should never be satisfied short of the farther spaces, the quicker tempo. Greatly touched by the affectionate welcome on every hand, we responded to the general need the old interests had felt in our absence. Still there was for me the inner certainty that the one right change must somewhere be open for us.

But one thing was very sure, we could leave no property behind us. Our interest in the Fuqua farm which Father had valued so highly for the family, the "Fair Havens" home which would be almost impossible to sell at any price in the very slight demand, and three ordinary houses, long "one of them investments," all falling to our share when we closed out the business of Sain and Snow, must be sold; and it took five years to dispose of them.

World War I washed into our quiet cove, and the winter of 'seventeen Sister Ann and her grandson, a delightful lad, spent with us. War work was our compelling force. No other town of its size should do its bit more worthily, and how strange it seems to dismiss with a sentence that cataclysm from which the world learned so little. Again, in this increasing Hitler-horror,

1940, we see the "beast that ascendeth from the bottomless pit," in the expression of St. John.

"Earning our freedom" took five years, but in the tide of energy that followed victory, the farm and all the houses were disposed of. So in the fullness of time our lares and penates found themselves in the little brown bungalow so many friends have come to know, on the shoulder of Mount Oread with its incomparable outlook. This decision only came about, however, after a year's residence in the vicinity. A light-housekeeping experience had made us very anxious for our home again. But it had allowed me time for a year's graduate study. My alma mater had given me my second degree in 1909, honoring my literary work at the same time a similar distinction was being conferred upon Margaret Hill McCarter.

I did not care to spend the time on doctorate requirements, nor was a heavy schedule advisable. So I selected a course in Editorial Writing under Professor Flint, long-time head of the Journalism Department. This gave me much impetus in many ways, but the privilege of studying the History of Painting with Professor W. A. Griffith has been perhaps more valuable. In both courses it was a constant joy to feel myself at one with the student body, and over in the west wing of the Administration Building, as it was then known, I had the additional advantage of getting into close touch with the Thayer Art Collection, later more fitly housed in the Spooner-Thayer Art Museum. There was also the advantage, in the opposite wing of the building, of beginning my long acquaintance with the new Design Department. It was headed by Miss Rosemary Ketcham, who arrived that year and was to become my valued friend.

All this time the two of us were getting acquainted with many cordial, helpful people, some of them harking back to the old Kansas Academy days and my first love of Lawrence and the Hill. Emily and her personality often appealed to the new friends

more strongly than I, a greater compliment to me than anyone knew.

From the admirable New England element in the early Neosho Falls, we could thoroughly appreciate the historic characteristics. Time after time we had passed the brown bungalow and admired it. The sweep of the ascending hillside west of Mississippi Street carried on the wide western outlook we had at "Fair Havens," and the location was so convenient to all the University buildings that we decided this must be the place for an enduring home again.

A very great advantage in taking possession of our new domain was the close proximity of the Chancellor Snow home and the immediate congeniality of Mrs. Snow, and her daughter, Mrs. Martha Snow Brown, also a widow, with three children. The common opinion, as this friendship progressed, accepted us as surely belonging to the family. I must be a daughter or sister or cousin or something, not looking old enough for aunt or mother of the famous Chancellor. From that day to this I have explained over and over and over again that we belonged to the southern branch of the family who sent out their sons into Indiana and Illinois and thence to Kansas, while the Chancellor belonged to the down-east contingent, all stemming back to Devonshire in the time of William the Conqueror.

Mrs. Strickland in her biography of Queen Matilda is authority for the story of one Earl Britrick, surnamed Snow, or "exceeding fair" of certainly fair tradition. The royal authority sent this "Earl Snow" as an envoy to Normandy where Matilda, a reigning court beauty, fell irrevocably in love with him. But he remained true to the Saxon choice of his heart, and down in Devonshire he founded the family of Snow round about Snow Hill, still a noted seat, to inherit his houses and lands and all the perquisites therewith, including the taste for new scenes and properties. And we, so far down the centuries, had one of our most delightful hours over the discovery of the story with a touch of sorrow

for our ancestor. For Matilda, who never forgave the Earl Britrick, so "exceeding fair," had married William the Conqueror, thus becoming Queen of Britain. And waiting opportune time through the years which had prospered the independent Snow, she induced her liege lord to confiscate all the Snow property and throw him into Westminster gaol, where he did not long survive. Rest you, founder of our strain. So far as I know, we have kept it taut and true.

This first year in the Brown Cot, a slight accident which gave me a broken wrist brought me two memorable associations with Dr. Bechtel, a remarkably good physician and lasting friend, and his wife, Flora Wark Bechtel, who had already appealed strongly to me in the many circles she inspired in our First Methodist Church. She had been an ardent young missionary to the Sac and Fox Indians at Reserve, Kansas, and the Potawatomies at neighboring Mayetta, who still carry on the Christian work in that locality, centering in an old stone church at Big Indian Creek which enshrines her memory. After her marriage she was appointed by our Home Missionary Society as Girls' Adviser at Haskell Institute, her mind and heart reaching out toward worldwide missions. I had long believed that missionary work in all its channels was the biggest business in the world, and Mrs. Bechtel and I were soon spending much time together in the study of this objective.

But while her round of activities seemed so complete, she had a great yearning for beauty, doubtless fostered by the Indian arts, and she felt it needed special culture and expression. Among the many women's study clubs in the town, there had never been one devoted to art-interests. Back in the eighteen-eighties, however, there had been a group of men who shared and appreciated the progress of B. W. Woodward in gathering his distinctive collection of paintings. Professor W. A. Griffith, head of the University Art Department, with his "gift of the gods;" Professor Frank Marvin of the School of Engineering, far on his way in his

leisure moments, as a prominent etcher; Dr. H. E. Moore, water-colorist, a druggist in the Woodward Company at the "Round Corner"; F. M. Benedict, ardent mountain-landscapist in oils; and Adam Rohe, a splendid scene-painter for the new Bowersock Theater, made a quintet of thinkers whose influence could not fail to be felt on the Hill and in the town. Now a few other women united with Mrs. Bechtel and myself, and our art-study project took form with my election as president. Thus, in summing up such service as I have given here, it is probably best indicated by this one position which the members declare is to be a lifetime job. It is a marvelous satisfaction, as times have been, and now in the darkness and despair constantly thickening over us, to possess one certainty in the general uncertainty. Beauty may be obscured, but it never dies, and I "take my bow," filled with the vision of the fine earnest women who have composed the Lawrence Art Club for the last sixteen years. Mrs. Bechtel was called to her final post at the zenith of her earthly office, but her works do surely follow her.

"Begin with the known to find the unknown." The first year we made a fine start, covering the principles of home decoration, followed by a year on the Story of Furniture, which called for a year on American craftsmanship in this line and much emphasis upon many antiques in the Lawrence homes. Next we considered the Evolution of Design, which is really the story of civilization, as it is inseparable from the patterns of different races. We then felt the need for the History of Painting, a seven-year program as we studied the masterpieces of the world leading to the American school. Then we devoted three years to the most important exhibits in the Spooner-Thayer Art Museum, where we had held our fortnightly meeting after its establishment in the old Library building, taking advantage year after year of the wealth of material on every theme. The fourteenth year we gave to Art and Religion, a splendid missionary theme, and last year we came to our Kansas accomplishment in picture-making. This has

resulted in one of our members, Mrs. Gertrude Newlin, covering this whole ground in a thesis worthy a master's degree, the best thing of the kind that has yet been done in regard to Kansas' artistic achievement.

One always regrets any old order changing for the new, however desirable the finer thing may be. But the beautiful Spooner Library building, fire-proofed and reconditioned, lent itself admirably to the exhibition of various art collections from every clime and race. The Lawrence Art Club began to realize the vast advantage of this unusual possession among state universities, providing countless authentic examples of creative skills for every line of study. Without especially announcing the fact, we felt an increasing intention through our selected programs to foster in every way this very practical helpfulness in general art-appreciation. We found ourselves naturally reaching out for our own growth to the Nelson Art Gallery in Kansas City, so providentially placed at our door, and to Washburn College at Topeka, so great an art force for so many years. It was also an integral part of our high privilege to keep in touch as far as possible with the art-values over the state as they advanced in our various types of schools, in groups of artists in whatever medium, through special exhibits, and in the lone workers here and there who have had this urge for self-expression.

Following my own special urge, I wrote each week for the hospitable Douglas County *Republican*, a column called "Art Among Us," a title suggested by Rosemary Ketcham after much united cogitation. The column would be read much more in the outlying homes than through the town, and for that reason was more worthwhile. It would have a better chance in the open spaces, and there was a great deal up here on the Hill to seek and to find. So I wrote about all sorts of things in their evidence of the truth that is beauty, their inherent creative power, and the kinship of the permanent exhibits of pictures in the various mediums. Also, as they came, I noted the exhibits brought to the

museum from time to time of characteristic paintings and prints, emphasizing especially the work of Kansas artists, from the widely known, colorful Sandzen to water colors, color prints and varied black-and-white prints by notable beginners over the state, as well as by our own specialists on the Hill and in the town.

These first articles naturally flowered into a series of informative chapters on "Kansas Art and Artists" for the *Kansas Teacher* and reached many instructors throughout the state. I hoped also that this work would be considered in relation to the outstanding verse selected every month by the editor, F. L. Pinet, secretary for many years of the State Teachers Association, and himself a poet of genuine ability. Many of these poems were written by Kansas poets "on their way" who have now justified this encouragement. There is no art without its poetry, nor poetry without its picture quality. One signal proof of the growth of art-consciousness through the state is the twenty-thousand-dollar Curry murals in the State House. The money was raised by the Kansas Editors' popular subscription. No longer does "art go begging," as I once lamented in one of my poems.

Later on the "Kansas Artist" series was followed by half a dozen articles in the same magazine on "Leading Kansas Poets," which also began at the Kansas beginning and presented what seemed to me enduring qualities in the advancing periods of our culture. The first series had been illustrated with a representative picture in the best available half-tone reproduction, and the second series displayed, boxed in the center of each first page of the articles, a characteristic poem. My small contributions became a recognized commentary upon research work in these two channels, and I may quote my favorite couplet from myself,

So be the work is good when it be done,
All work is beautiful, all beauty one.

"All things are possible," according to St. Paul, and he well knew the value of realizing one's limitations. I had found that

my student-at-large efforts prohibited time and strength for any selection of graduate courses, after that first year in residence. Still I could audit various regular offerings and special lectures that have always been an important part of the university service. Two courses by Rabbi Mayerberg in the School of Religion added immensely to my lifelong study of the Bible poetry and history, and one course in Modern British Poetry under Professor W. S. Johnson, Chairman of the English Department, gave me fresh understanding of American verse. "Seems as if," as Kelland's Scattergood would say, this America is filled with poets, and this parallelogram of Kansas has her forever-oncoming share.

As a mere matter of course, poets have always flourished among the students and faculty on Mount Oread. And equally, too, of course the music changes with the changing years. Out of the vital company especially typical of the past and present, two women appeal to me in my passing judgment.

In my former time when I knew Professors Herbert Carruth and Arthur Canfield, I knew also that Miss Kate Stephens of the Greek Department was a name to conjure with in Kansas. Her poetic quality shone through her power over the dead language and her live students; her exquisite and romantic love story had ended in tragic disappointment; and her brave removal to New York City and an entire change of work had made it unlikely that I should ever meet her. She was a creative tradition on the Hill, and one could give thanks for that. Her distinction through all the years as an author-reviewer on the literary staff of the *New York Times* never obscured the picture of the university teacher, the classical interpreter, the memorable poet, and the high-hearted woman, loving supremely her destined mate through all the lonely years. One summer day when Kate Stephens was making a rare visit among her old friends, one of them brought her to see me. She was a fascinating and delicate person, and I felt more than ever that her "Winds of Delphic Kansas" would

remain an imperishable utterance in all the highest clearest verse that Kansans might produce.

I saw her once more when she paused after her lifelong labors and returned to "Laurel Town," as she called Lawrence in one of her beautiful books, to spend her last days. On an afternoon in commencement week a company of distinguished people gathered with the Greek Department and university officials to do her honor in the room which she had marked with her varied achievement. A pure white bust, symbolizing the Grecian Spirit and suggesting the lines of her eloquent features, was dedicated to the signal purpose that she had followed. The Delphic Idea embodied here for time untold came from the heart and hand of our own sculptor, Bernard Frazier, who began in our Design Department his training towards national recognition.

"O the free state," her "Delphic Kansas" begins, as the heart of the theme,

Puritan winds of the prairie
Singing right heartily
That gods were but folk who were free,
That folk who are free are as gods,
The human-voiced winds of the prairie.

Then on to the close,

So prophetic of zeal through hot winds and cold,
As Grecian Delphi in days of old,
The center of the world as then men told,—
Half-east, half-west, half-north, half-south,
The spirit speaks ever,—and through a god's mouth.

My good fortune on coming to the Hill had given me creative contacts with Helen Rhoda Hoopes as the leading university poet of the period, and perhaps the farthest-reaching influence for poetry in the state. A member of the English Department, she is a vigorous, attractive woman. A thoroughly fine and practical teacher, her graduation from the department was followed by her elevation to its faculty. Her admirable qualities soon made

for her an important place in Kansas verse and beyond. Filling numerous speaking engagements for schools and clubs and other groups, as her classes permitted, she put countless inquiring souls in touch with general trends of poetry in America and in the Middle West. A magnetic speaker and reader of verse, her programs were always fresh, informative and inspiring, and the radio service greatly increased her opportunities. In 1927 she brought out the very best collection of Kansas verse among the six anthologies devoted to this subject.

Limiting herself to contemporary Kansas verse, she was at once critical, authoritative and up-to-date. The book has been one of the foremost factors in her wide appeal, and her great joy in seeking recognition for others has brought the inevitable extension of her own poetic ability. This patent fact has been cited very frequently among the members of the Poetry Society of Kansas, of which she was the leading organizer and first president. The early 'thirties seemed a propitious time for the more prominent poets in the state to secure through such organization better acquaintance and helpfulness in their increasing ranks, and to encourage the oncoming writers of verse in every possible way. These ends have been accomplished, in part, after the fashion of most human efforts. Always there are souls like Helen Rhoda Hoopes. Always they will lead to higher ground.

In this category belongs the early *Kansas Magazine*, which now carries on through its fourth revival, at Kansas State College, Manhattan, for our whole body of writers, both of verse and of prose. It also serves the higher life of the state by its selected reproductions each year from our leading print-makers. There is something in the picture of Kansas quality that you can take in your hand or put on the wall that the written word does not possess for great numbers of people.

Many inspiring literary folk had cheered me on my way, mostly through correspondence. The personal touches offered in the society were most welcome to me. Without minimizing the

new contacts in any way, I greatly valued the fuller appreciation that ripens with better opportunity. Nora B. Cunningham, of Chanute, whose rhythms, like her friendship, "go on to perfection," is naturally first on the list. Others who have become my friends through the years are Mrs. May Williams Ward, of Wellington, probably the most widely known; Mrs. Bernice Anderson, of Partridge, who with a musical background and much American Indian lore, does more and more beautiful verse; Mrs. Helen McCarroll, of Manhattan, who finds in her poetry a great incentive and sure reward; and Madeleine Aaron, of Wichita, who expresses in many keys her depth of faith and feeling. Miss Billy Cooper, of Neodesha, and Miss Edna Becker, of Topeka, have given strong proof of their ability, the first by special "unrhymed sonnets" reaching exclusive publishers; the second by "making magic" in her poems for little children. Many others have joined this group. Mrs. Ward and Miss Aaron, with Miss Hoopes, are Kansas University alumnae, but other foundations are also well represented in "the spirit that giveth life."

Nearly all the notable members were women, but there were a few men whom I only evaluated at the meetings together with their work. There were Kirke Mechem, Secretary of the State Historical Society, and signally and completely Kansan, a master of the sonnet and a writer of far-reaching plays as typified in his "John Brown"; Nelson Antrim Crawford, perhaps best-known as the author of the Indian poem, "Carrying of the Ghost," and the efficient editor of the *Household Magazine*; and Neale Carman, of the University of Kansas French Department, who has made rather esoteric poems very attractive, and who wrote that keen definition for us all, "The Power":

The power that guides my love is like the force
That bent the mountains on the earth's plain crust;
Like that which, without erring, steers the course
Of worlds,—and every atom of our dust.

And there was also Whitelaw Saunders, of Wamego, our finest lyricist. A "canny Scotchman" by descent, tall and spare and sandy, and a richly talented pianist, he had returned some years before to the old home town to remain with his widowed mother. We had some correspondence about some art work in that locality, an interest he carried on with so large a class in piano that it seemed likely to develop into a notable school. Later on I discovered he was winning recognition by writing verse, having found that original rhythmical expression was helpful in his occasional musical composition. He was an alert and provocative letter-writer, and through the Poetry Society and his removal to Lawrence after a time, he became my most intimate friend in the whole circle. Obligated to give up his work as well as his instrument because of a treacherous heart, he now lived here with his sister, who could care for the mother also. He loved the Hill, enjoyed our days in all their variety, and adapted himself to semi-invalidism with a fine inner vitality that in itself was a constant inspiration. We were always "happifying" over the nearness of our homes, and on one wide porch or the other, or inside at our generous windows, we had all sorts of poetic reading and discussions, tearing each other's lines to pieces, or reporting on some happy attainment. Serving as president of our Poetry Society toward the last, his service giving him a new lease of life, as we thought, he passed into his larger orbit in 1934, his epitaph one of his stanzas beloved by many readers:

I've wrought a little song or two
As I have gone along,
If none be echoed . . . silence then:
I've known the song.

My precious Emily had preceded him in the summer, and he had comforted me. "The empty place against the sky" brings its own recoveries into our loneliness, and the following fall I was very glad to serve on the committee that decided to publish, as a fitting memorial to one so highly appreciated in our Society, a

book that Whitelaw Saunders had assembled from his poems. We were fortunate in finding a suitable publisher, details were perfected, subscription among our members and various circles of friends was completed, and *The Laughing God* was really wonderfully received. The work with the publisher and the encouragement of the committee led me to realize my own dream of following my early *The Lamp of Gold* with selections from my more mature work. In my callow days I had scorned anything but a book brought out by a leading publisher who paid a good royalty. But now I valued highly the privilege of making my book to suit myself. With ample faith in the support of the Poetry Society and other friends, I certainly could "break even" on the outlay. So with much time and patience, and such critical self-judgment as I had, the selections were made. The result has been my second volume of verse, *Sincerely Yours*, which I am glad to know has given you pleasure.

Life has gone on without Emily, whose enjoyment would have added much to my happiness. Our spare room, always rented to some congenial student-lady, brings me pleasant companionship, while the members of my family and my friends hold themselves ready for frequent expressions of their faithful love. The world is always more and more lovely, if one only will see it so, each day replete with a new wonder and delight.

Last year it was a great privilege to share the Brown Cot with Miss Frances R. Wilson, in the homeland for her fourth furlough in twenty-five years of service in the Chinese Area of the Foreign Missionary Society of the Methodist Church. Much correspondence had prepared me to find her one of the most vital and devoted persons I had ever known. With a strong attractive physique, she also possesses rare personality, and in the breadth and depth of her unusual culture she brought me treasure beyond price. As head of nurses' training and hospital work at Cheeloo University, at Tsinan, Shantung, China, sustained by eight American denominations, she had many opportunities for travel

and for meeting distinguished people. Keenly appreciative of this quiet spot and everything that makes the Hill, we filled every available moment with interminable talk, always the perquisite of mutually grateful friends, and my missionary interest, so long a dominant note in my life, was splendidly justified and greatly increased, especially in regard to the importance of the Home Base.

Best of all, as she went about on her speaking engagements, we both felt more intensely as war conditions grew more forbidding that God does reign. The decision of the Government to issue no more passports for the Far East was a disappointment that cut her to the heart. It was not alone that she felt so deeply that she must return and finish her special work in China, but the conviction that she should also be giving herself to the battle lines in that marvelous country. What better indication that the way must open by some unforeseen turn of events? But it was not so to be. She is now superintendent of the health department of Scarritt College, Nashville, Tennessee, where she finds ample scope for all her fine talent. And "all things working together," we shall doubtless meet again.

June again is stepping over the Hill in supreme strength and beauty. With this letter I am completing the memoirs that illustrate the eternal word of Tennyson's Ulysses, "I am a part of all that I have met." That great traveller had so small a world compared with our domain. Yet one's going out is a thing of the spirit and the readiness to recognize the meeting when it arrives. Next week with the seventy-fifth commencement of the University comes the larger celebration for the day of its founding, and beyond that our observance of the state-wide commemoration of the Coronado search for gold four hundred years ago.

All together, it will be a memorable occasion, with distinguished alumni coming from the four corners of the earth to do their alma mater and their state every possible honor, and to meet kindred hearts and true that have so valiantly and variously

carried the Kansas spirit wherever they found the way. There will be crowded hours of reminiscence and good news in every line of progress. Over all and through all we shall have endless expression of our faith in the tides of young life, eager and prepared to meet whatever comes in a period taxing to the utmost every man, woman and child. Our "Delphic Kansas" must ever repeat with Ulysses:

"Come, my friends, . . . that which we are, we are;
One equal temper of heroic hearts,
. . . Strong in will
To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield."

LITTLE BROWN COT
LAWRENCE, KANSAS
JUNE 1, 1941

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